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FORTHCOMING EVENTS . . . APRIL

VITAL TIME NEARS

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*—European Nations' Cup games.

by ERIC BATTY

AT this time of year, current "form" in the international arena means little or nothing. The majority of national sides have not kicked a ball together for more than four months, and between December and March many of the players taking part had no match practice at all. Complicating matters still further, half the matches scheduled for April are between teams with common frontiers, and local derbies of this nature have frequently produced surprise results. Finally, and this is a most important point — 1967 is Year 1 in the four-year cycle between World Cups.

At this time, the wisest managers discard their players who will be too old for the next series and are prepared to lose a few games (if necessary) in order to experiment and create the backbone of a new successful team that will be approaching its peak in 1970.

West Germany have always been a team to experiment when the team demanded new blood and the circumstances allowed. Since the World Cup Helmut Schon has followed the Herberger blue-print, blooding a number of young players in matches against Turkey, Norway and Morocco. No doubt the process will be continued and though his team should beat the relatively inexperienced Albanians it will not be by the cricket score some would expect.

The visit to Budapest will be an important test for Yugoslavia's new boss, the former Red Star inside-right, Rajko Mitic. One of his country's best ever players, Mitic has been called up following the mass emigration of established stars. After beating Czechoslovakia 1-0 a few weeks before the Czechs drew with England at Wembley, the Yugoslavs' morale began to crumble. For the last date in the autumn campaign few of the chosen players wanted to play and many made excuses to miss the clash with Bulgaria. At the eleventh hour a hastily assembled squad travelled to Sofia to be beaten 6-1, and clearly the FA had to act.

For the moment Mitic understandably would like to borrow three or four experienced players now in Western Europe. If he could obtain the release of Jusufi (Eintracht Frankfurt), Sekularac (Karlsruher SC), Galic (Standard) and perhaps Takac (Rennes) they could do much to help Mitic's chosen youngsters settle in.

While Mitic faces apparently insurmountable problems, his Hungarian opponent Rudolf Illovsky has the advantage of having been in command as "temporary" manager for several months. He also takes over a ready-made side built by Lajos Baroti for the last World Cup, and with one or two exceptions a very young team. Certainly we have still to see the best of Bene, Farkas and Mezsoly, while Albert for all his experience, is still in the middle twenties.

It looks like a runaway win for the Hungarians but over the years it has become clear that the Yugoslavs have the Indian sign on the Magyars. Time after time, with Hungary fielding a host of world class players, they have been beaten by Yugoslavia. If Mitic can field a balanced team of youth and experience and re-create morale then anything could happen.

The Belgium-Holland is another game which is wide open, for while the Belgians usually have had the edge on their neighbours the Dutch have improved considerably in the last few years. More than ever before, Dutch players are taking the game seriously, perhaps encouraged by the successes of Fejenoord and Ajax. In the 1966 clash Holland beat Belgium 3-1, and while the home side will be eager to beat their neighbours much depends on the fate of Ajax, in their double bid for the league and the European Cup.

If Ajax are in difficulties in mid-April then their players are unlikely to give themselves completely to the national cause. Centre-forward Johan Cruyff, Holland's top scorer in the current campaign, will certainly not take part — barred by the FA for one year after being sent off against the Czechs.

There are, however, three bankers — East Germany, Poland and Rumania. The Germans, still led by the down to earth Hungarian Karoly Soos, were unbeaten in 1966, and I cannot see them failing against Holland in Leipzig. Poland, too, are much improved as the Scots will surely testify, and having beaten Luxembourg 4-0 at home in the autumn will surely not fail to pick up two more points. For the Luxembourg coach, Robert Heinz, the headaches never cease. No sooner does a young player settle into the squad than he is tempted across the road to Belgium. As the Republic of Ireland is in relation to English clubs, so Luxembourg is to the Belgians — having to beg the release of their players and frequently being turned down.

Three of the players who will doubtless be in the running for a place in the Hungarian team to meet Yugoslavia next month. They are left to right, Matrai, Sipos, Mezsoly. (A.)

At home to little Cyprus, the Rumanians could surely achieve double figures if they wish to, but having already won 5-1 in Nicosia, they may well be tempted to field a "B" team in Bucharest. Certainly the newly created Rumanian Olympics XI would see off the Cypriots if they were given the chance, for during the winter break this squad toured Africa and South America with great success.

In addition to Yugoslavia and Scotland the Austrians will also be playing their first game under new management and are hardly likely to find the going easy in Athens. The Greeks have a very useful record at home, where the conditions clearly favour the home players and the fans are far more partisan than most. The Austrians will do well to draw here and though new manager Erwin Alge needs a victory to impress his critics in Vienna, I doubt if he will get it.

Finally a word about England's *poetic* footballers and their clash with Scotland at Wembley. All things being equal in the matter of injuries and luck, I expect England to win, but there are two major aspects of the English game that I would like to see improved. First, someone, somewhere, must produce a winger of international standard, and then the team as a whole must concentrate on getting the ball up quickly and accurately to the feet of the front men.

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

World Soccer

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Editor:
JACK ROLLIN

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FRONT COVER PICTURE

Bobby Moore (right), captain of West Ham United and England, can do little to stop this shot from Sheffield Wednesday inside-forward David Ford. (Meeks.)

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SCATTERED FARE IN EUROPE

INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

Each month on these pages we go back over the major internationals played since the last issue. The particular games featured are indicated at the head of the article for quick reference.

by GORDON JEFFERY

THE MONTH'S GAMES

Feb.	1:	Turkey 0 Spain 0	EFC—Istanbul
,,	1:	Bolivia 0 Chile 0	SAC—Montevideo
,,	1:	Paraguay 5 Venezuela 3	SAC—Montevideo
,,	2:	Uruguay 1 Argentina 0	SAC—Montevideo
,,	22:	Turkey 2 Rep. of Ireland 1	EFC—Ankara

TWO matches played in Group One of the European Football Championship, and three that concluded the 1967 South American Championship. The European results seem to favour most the fourth country in the Group — Czechoslovakia who have yet to play a match in the competition! Spain dropped a point against Turkey as earlier they had done in Dublin against the Republic of Ireland — a second chance for the still-waiting Czechs to gain ground when they visit Ireland and Turkey. Turkey for their part kept themselves more or less on a par with the Republic of Ireland—even to the extent of exactly reversing the score of the match between the two countries played in Dublin last November. Group One table now reads:

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Ps.
Spain	3	1	2	0	2	0	4
Turkey	3	1	1	1	3	3	3
Rep. of Ireland	4	1	1	2	3	5	3
Czechoslovakia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Spain's failure to score in Turkey must worry Domingo Balmanya more than he cares to admit as, despite several team changes and permutations, it continues the shot-shy story of Spanish national football. Not since October 1965, when they beat the Republic of Ireland 4-1 in a World Cup qualifying match in Seville, have the Spaniards scored more than twice in an International match. Three weeks after that Seville victory they again played the Republic of Ireland in a World Cup "decider" in Paris and got through by a meagre one goal to nil. A month later they played England in Madrid and were beaten two-nil.

Then last year, a month before the World Cup final tournament, they drew one-all at home to Uruguay and, in England for the World Cup, they beat Switzerland by the odd-goal-in-three and lost to Argentina and West Germany by similar scores. Since the World Cup they have played three times in the current European Football Championship, beaten the Republic of Ireland in Valencia by two goals to nil but played goalless matches away with Turkey and the Republic of Ireland. It adds up to a run of nine matches (3 wins, 3 draws, 3 defeats) during which although a strong defence has conceded only eight goals, the "forwards" have scored only the same number.

For the match in Istanbul, Balmanya included seven Real Madrid players in his first selection of 16—Araquistain, Sanchis, De Felipe, Pirri, Velasquez, Amancio and Grosso. In the event Iribar was in his usual place between the sticks and Araquistain was not required, whilst De Felipe continues to wait his chance. Iribar, with the advance of that fine back Sanchis to the exclusion of Rivilla, is the most consistent of current national players for Spain—since making his début against the Republic of Ireland (who else?) in March 1964 he has missed only two matches. He and Sanchis are the only ever-presents for 1966 and the one 1967 match, but World Cup defenders Reija, and Gallego, and linkman Pirri can normally be expected to have a place in the team.

It's different up front—whether the tendency is to play 4-2-4 or 4-3-3—with only Amancio of the World Cup attackers appearing in the three post-World Cup matches. Yet the goals refuse to come and the Czechs, judged on their performances in the early winter against England and the Netherlands, must fancy their chances of heading the group and, in so doing, of eliminating the European Nations Cup-holders.

This competition, now styled a Championship and not a Cup, spreads over a couple of years. One merit of the much smaller South American counterpart is that 15 matches played in a fortnight at a single venue settle the whole affair and we can look at it as a whole.

It began with the host country, Uruguay, entertaining the reigning champions, Bolivia. The Paraguayan referee, Isidro Ramirez, was in charge; the attendance was a disappointing 12,500 and the teams lined up:

Uruguay: Bazzano; Baeza, Varela, Caetano, Montero; Castillo, Perez; Oyarbide, Vera, Pedro Rocha and Urruzmendi.

Bolivia: Issa; Maldonado, Quiroga, Jaime Herbas, Zabalaga; Agrega, Alberto Garcia; Sanchez, Lopez, Vargas and Quinteros.

Pictured during an international fixture between Chile and North Korea are Pedro Araya and O Yoon Kyung (left). (A.)

All except Castillo and the experienced, hard-shooting Pedro Rocha of the Uruguayan side had taken part at some stage or other of their country's pre-Championship match against Rumania but Caetano, Perez and Rocha were the only World Cup players in the team although others as Montero and Urruzmendi had been in the "40" squad.

Bolivia's line-up was less changed from their 1965 World Cup qualifying matches — Quiroga, Herbas, Zabalaga, Garcia and Rolando Vargas all played then, and earlier, in their 1963 South American Championship winning squad, Lopez, and Quinteros.

Four minutes

In the match itself Uruguay got off to a flying start with a Rocha goal after only four minutes' play—the same player was to end the scoring in the tournament a fortnight later. After that, however, play was even until the last minute of the first half when Castillo added a second for the Uruguayans. When, in a two-minute spell after ten minutes' play in the second half, Quiroga put through his own goal and Vera scored Uruguay's fourth goal, the result was obvious. A pleasant, comfortable start for the host country—and realisation, if they had not known this already, for the holders that their chance of retaining the Championship was a very, very faint one!

The following evening the remaining four countries took the field in Montevideo with Argentina playing Paraguay and Chile playing Venezuela in a "double-header" — the attendance was again small but only marginally below that of the opening night when the home country were the attraction. There was a World Cup look about the Chilean line-up for their opening match against Venezuela—eight "regulars"—and of the non-World Cup players Roberto Hodge has oft-times played for the national team and was, of course, one of the "40" nominated for the 1966 World Cup.

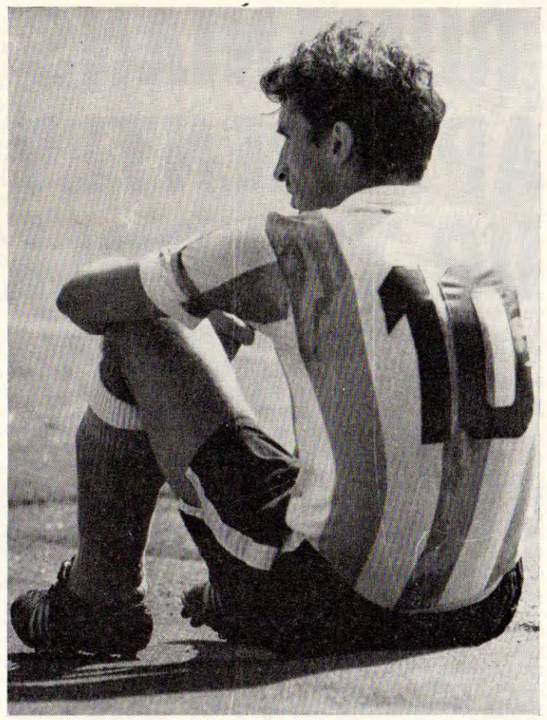
The other newcomers were the highly-praised right-back of the successful Universidad Catolica team, Adriazola, and left-winger, Saavedra. Two goals by Marcos, both scored in the first half, gave the Chileans a comfortable start against the new boys to the competition, Venezuela. The Venezuelans for their part fielded a majority of the players who first came into our ken when they played against Peru and Uruguay in the World Cup qualifying competition in May 1965. The goalkeeper, Fassano, is new, but players who caught the eye nearly two years ago are still in the team—the stopper Freddy Ellis (sometimes listed as Freddy, sometimes Ellis—and sometimes Elli!), forward Tortolero, and the midfield specialist Ravello.

Argentina, allowing that Perfumo was injured and Rattin suspended from international matches (he was also reported to be injured in any case), also paraded a World Cup looking side with, however, the Velez Sarsfield player Ovejero getting praise for a good international début against Paraguay, and Raul Bernao, somewhat surprisingly omitted from the World Cup squad, getting two of the four goals by which the Argentinians beat Paraguay. Young left-winger Oscar Mas had started them off well with a goal in the third minute. Bernao's goals came in the 70th and 74th minutes but it was not until a minute from the end that Jose Albrecht scored number four. Argentina, like Uruguay, had opened the proceedings with four goals but unlike their most obvious rivals for the title, they had conceded one—indeed Mora, an outside-left with a flair for scoring, actually equalised early in the second half before Bernao got his brace of goals.

Two evenings later and Uruguay took the stage again for their second match — against Venezuela. Maybe it was lack of curiosity about the Venezuelans, maybe some feeling that their standard of play was below that normally seen by Centenario Stadium spectators, maybe the attraction of televised viewing—whatever, the attendance slumped to 6,634. Uruguay, held to a single Urruzmendi goal in the first half, moved steadily to another 4-0 victory with Urruzmendi getting another and Oyarbide two.

Goal pattern

Argentina against Bolivia, and Chile against Paraguay maintained their 100 per cent records the following evening but Argentina only scored once—again it was Bernao who got the important goal. For Chile, Gallardo, who had come in for Carlos Campos, scored twice — Araya did the same and Paraguay's scorers were Rivero and Mora. This latter match, incidentally, between Chile and Paraguay continued the early goal pattern I have already mentioned, in passing, about Uruguay's first two matches, Argentina's opener against Paraguay and Chile's against Venezuela. The difference in the Chile-Paraguay match was that it was the ultimate losers, Paraguay, who got the earliest goal—Rivero's in the fifth minute. It took Chile only four minutes to equalise through Gallardo.



Sitting this one out is Argentine captain Antonio Rattin. (A.)

With each country having played two of their five matches the position was that Uruguay, Argentina and Chile had four points each, Paraguay, Bolivia and Venezuela had none. A break in the Uruguay one evening and a double-header the next evening routine followed with Uruguay resting whilst Argentina took the field against Venezuela, and Paraguay against Bolivia. The attendance for the previous double-header, incidentally, had slipped down to 4,778: now it dropped even lower—to 2,116. Argentina made short work of Venezuela, winning by five goals to one, but the second match was more keenly fought out with each country anxious to gain their first points of the Championship. Paraguay had brought in a new centre-forward named del Puerto and it was he who, in the 37th minute, got the lone goal of the match.

The next evening saw two of the 100 per cent sides in opposition: Uruguay and Chile, and with Argentina two points ahead as a result of their extra match played, this seemed the occasion for the local fans to turn out in strength. It was a match Uruguay needed to win. In fact, the attendance was below 17,000 and Gallardo put Chile in the lead after only two minutes' play. Rocha equalised a quarter of an hour later from the penalty spot but Marcos put Chile ahead again before the interval. Finally Oyarbide equalised again in the second half for Uruguay who were, it seems, a little fortunate to get away without defeat. "Chuleta" Prieto and Araya were in fine form for the Chileans and the Uruguayan defence, under pressure for the first time in the tournament, looked suspect.

The contest was warming up at last and there was an improved attendance for the next "double-header"—14,352 (the highest for an evening when Uruguay were not playing). It is unlikely that many of these were drawn to watch Venezuela gain their first Championship points with a three-nil win over Bolivia. The attraction was the meeting of Argentina and Chile with a draw the result best suited to the Uruguayans. The Argentinians, however, still with substantially the same eleven as at the beginning of the Championship, were

● *Continued on page 23*

RUMANIANS APPARENTLY UP THE POLL

Searching the Soccer Scene with

ARTHUR ROTMIL

A star for the greater part of a decade, blond-haired Karl-Heinz Schnellinger full-back for West Germany in the World Cup Finals last year, is firmly established in World Football. At the moment playing for AC Milan in Italy, Schnellinger is rumoured to be seeking a move back to his native country when his contract with the Milanese club runs out. Elsewhere on this page he appears high up on the ratings list of a leading Rumanian paper. (M.)

THE "silly" season has been with us for some time now, by which I mean the annual spectacle of various experts producing their "World" and "European" XIs, "Footballers of the Year", past, present, future and beyond, taxing the soccer fans' patience to the limits by the variety of selections often poles apart and frequently illogical.

To me these rankings, accompanied by the inevitable comments and explanations, have always seemed rather a waste of time since football is essentially a team game and, accordingly, the choice of eleven best *individuals* would not necessarily represent a best *team*, if one considers the differing styles of play, together with temperaments, not to mention the ability to fit in with others. The value of a jumbled selection was clearly though fruitlessly demonstrated some three years ago, when a collection of ageing stars, most of whom had seen better playing days, masqueraded under the banner of a "Rest of the World" team and lost 1-2 to England at Wembley. Eight of them, may I remind you, were over 30 years old: Yashin, Djalma Santos, Pluskal, Masopust, Kopa, Di Stefano, Puskas and Gento!

There was little purpose in staging such a game, for it proved nothing, except that a *team* will nearly always beat a hastily assembled bunch of *individuals* and I could name more than half a dozen national or even club sides who, on that day, would have made mincemeat out of that "Rest of the World" XI — a presumptious and arrogant description, born of insularity — if they, like England, had played them at home.

Furthermore, most experts compiling their annual ratings are usually guided either by those star players they had seen, perhaps once or twice in action, or — worse still — display such chauvinistic tendencies that they invariably include players from their own lands, whose selection can hardly be justified for lack of comparison alone.

Consider, for example, these rankings issued by the Rumanian sportspaper *Football*, who produced a list of five best European players for each position in a 4-2-4 formation:

Goalkeepers: 1, Banks (England); 2, Yashin (Russia); 3, Sarti (Italy); 4, Viktor (Czechoslovakia); 5, Iribar (Spain).

Right-back: 1, Kaposzta (Hungary); 2, Lala (Czechoslovakia); 3, Cohen (England); 4, Lutz (West Germany); 5, Burgnich (Italy).

Right centre-back: 1, Schulz (West Germany); 2, Picchi (Italy); 3, Popluhar (Czechoslovakia); 4, J. Charlton (England); 5, Shesternev (Russia).

Left centre-back: 1, Moore (England); 2, Voronin (Russia); 3, Walter (East Germany); 4, Budzinski (France); 5, Dan Coe (Rumania).

Left-back: 1, Facchetti (Italy); 2, Schnellinger (West Germany); 3, Hilario (Portugal); 4, Wilson (England); 5, Fuhrer (Switzerland).

Right linkman: 1, Beckenbauer (West Germany); 2, Law (Scotland); 3, Masopust (Czechoslovakia); 4, Ghergheli (Rumania); 5, Stiles (England).

Left linkman: 1, R. Charlton (England); 2, Corso (Italy); 3, Coluna (Portugal); 4, Sabo (Russia); 5, Dobrin (Rumania).

Outside-right: 1, Ball (England); 2, Bene (Hungary); 3, Pircalab (Rumania); 4, Chislenko (Russia); 5, Amancio (Spain).

Inside-right: 1, Eusebio (Portugal); 2, Albert (Hungary); 3, Mazzola (Italy); 4, Cruyff (Holland); 5, Seeler (West Germany).

Inside-left: 1, Hurst (England); 2, Torres (Portugal); 3, Farkas (Hungary); 4, Danielssen (Sweden); 5, Asparoukhov (Bulgaria).

Outside-left: 1, Peters (England); 2, Keizer (Holland); 3, Porkujan (Russia); 4, Simoes (Portugal); 5, Gento (Spain).

Although these ratings look to me like a product of an "Anglo-Rumanian Mutual Admiration Society", they should set WORLD SOCCER readers arguing the various merits of those in — and excluded from this line-up. High on the list should be those experts who have been deliberately ignoring English players, plus those who may find some of these "stars" completely unknown to them. No fewer than 10 Englishmen are ranked above and six of them are listed in first places!

By way of comparison or contrast, just look at the choice of one of the most famous managers in the game, Inter-Milan's Herrera, who nominated the following players in his assessment of the world's top stars for 1966 during an interview with the Argentinian soccer magazine *Goles*:

Goalkeepers: Yashin and Sarti. *Defenders:* Beckenbauer, Facchetti. *Masters of the counter-attack:* Moore, Bobby Charlton. *Midfield strategists:* Onega, Haller, Albert, Corso, Voronin. *Goal strikers:* Spencer, Eusebio, Mazzola, Gondet, Chislenko, Farkas, Amancio and Suarez.

Now, I ask you: How many people would agree with the Rumanians? — and how many, I wonder, with Helenio Herrera?

NEW STARS

BRAZIL'S current idol is 20-year-old inside-forward Tostao (pronounce it Tosh-tah-oo) — real name Eduardo Conçalves de Andrade — the star of all-Brazilian champions Cruzeiro of Belo Horizonte and architect of their amazing double victory over Santos.

The man they call "White Pelé", is an intellectual who manages to combine his studies of economic science with football and who has an astute eye for financial rewards. Tostao's varied side-lines include, for example, the signing of autographs at large department stores, which alone gives him an income of one million Cruzeiros (approximately £160) per day! Together with other commercial ventures his earnings easily exceed those obtained from actually playing the game.

During the World Cup he replaced the injured Pelé for one game — v. Hungary — and scored Brazil's only goal by turning "on a sixpence" to smash the ball high into the net following a free-kick by Lima. European fans will probably see more of this exciting star, when Brazil come to Europe next June.

There may be other promising youngsters in the party, like 17-year-old Paulo Cesar of Botafogo, the adopted son of their former coach, Narinho. Until recently, Cesar played only on sandy beaches (*Copacabana!*), but having displayed his talents in training, was preferred to the international left-winger Parada. I must explain that in Brazil, apart from the normal championship they also have a complete indoor league series, as well as a beach-championship and both are carried out throughout the Federal States to determine the indoor and beach champions!

TV OR NOT TV . . .

. . . that is the question, following the £1 million offer by BBC to the FA and Football League for the exclusive rights to televise live all internationals, FA Cup-ties and one League match per week.

I am sure that soccer fans would be delighted if this deal went through, for goodness knows there is so little international football on our screens these days, while BBC's "Match of the Day" and ITV's "Star Soccer" are no more than meagre "ersatz" for the privilege of viewing some of the really big games here or from Europe. Yet, there was a time — particularly since Hungary's memorable visit to Wembley in 1953 — when BBC would show regularly England's matches against foreign opponents, European Cup-ties, including some not involving British teams and even full internationals on Sunday afternoon, like Hungary v. Austria, Italy v. Czechoslovakia or West Germany v. Spain, etc.

It must be remembered, however, that certain countries have had unpleasant experiences concerning the direct screening of matches and this applies particularly to Belgium, where live soccer on TV has caused such a dramatic slump in attendances at international and club games, that as from next season the FA will not allow any matches to be shown direct on the screens. Two years ago, the Belgian Football Federation signed a contract with the State Television Authority, worth nearly £17,000, permitting direct broadcasts of all internationals. Although this amount was considered most generous, it soon became evident that this venture would end in complete fiasco. The most popular international against the "eternal enemy" Holland (their clashes are equivalent to the England v. Scotland game), which used to draw about 60,000 fans, was attended by only 9,000. A previous game against France drew 7,000, while the match v. Eire produced a crowd of only 3,000.

The FA swallowed the lesson and ended the contract, but were then persuaded by the League clubs to allow the televising of nine championship matches during one season, for the identical sum of money. The results were catastrophic. Only 4,000 watched FC Liege v. Daring, 3,000 came to see St. Trond against Tilleur, the FC Antwerp once drew 702 fans, while Beerschot played Beringen before a mere 237 spectators!

Gates also dived to an all-time low during the recent South American championship in Montevideo, Uruguay. Throughout the tournament the *hinchas* (fans), protesting against high admission prices and a second-rate Uruguay XI (the top clubs Peñarol and Nacional allowed the FA selectors only three players each), have boycotted the games. On the last but one day of the series, a double programme of Paraguay v. Venezuela and Chile v. Bolivia produced a negative attendance record: only 343 spectators turned up and paid £75 (!) for the privilege.

All told, 139,547 fans watched the 15 matches, half of whom attended the final between Uruguay and Argentina to see the "Urus" clinch their 11th title. Forty-nine goals were scored in the series (average 3.26) as compared with the World Cup ratio of 2.87. Leading scorer was Argentina's Luis Artime with five goals in as many games, while only the attendance at the Final (70,000) which brought receipts equivalent to the *total* for the previous 14 matches, plus the £70,000 television fee, saved the organisers from a complete financial disaster.

Compare this with attendances in Europe at some internationals (*not* in the World Cup), during 1966 — Scotland v. England 134,000, Poland v. Hungary 105,000, and Russia v. France 103,000!

QUO VADIS?

THE marble plaque above the main entrance to the San Siro stadium in Milan proudly proclaims the fame of FC Internazionale. Twice European and twice world champions. The Cups resemble urns and the inscription could also mean: "Foreign footballers — abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

This, then, is the home of Inter, also shared with their eternal rivals, AC Milan. This lions' den is surrounded by a spiked iron fence, while the players enter the pitch through a tunnel separated by another iron barrier from the spectators. The impression is that of jungle beasts entering an arena, the only debatable point being, on which side of the fence they are to be found. On a summer's evening the stones and masonry transmit the unbearable heat, making the air in the oval stuffy and oppressive, almost like a Turkish bath. The sound breaks against the massive stands and the crowd's roar echoes repeatedly all round. If there is a soccer hell, then it's undoubtedly here. Among the giant advertisements for refrigerators, cars, apéritifs, bath tubs, TV sets, women's underwear, shaving lotions and ventilators, there is a long red strip with this bizarre inscription: "Il telefono amico 68 82 155."

This is the phone number of the Good Samaritans who can be reached at any time during 24 hours, to help the despondent and forlorn. Priests and welfare workers expect these calls and have often soothed the unhappy and even prevented suicides. But to find such an anchor of hope in a football stadium is almost macabre. A priest who belongs to the "amico-action" confirmed: "Some soccer fans lose the will to live when their team are beaten. That is why we have installed our phone number at San Siro."

One-nil against Inter and someone reaches for a rope! Can this be sport? But then, hell is only where we make it ourselves. Perhaps Inter should engage Liverpool's centre-forward St. John.

With a name like that, he could save a few telephone calls. . . .

Two more stars who figure in the "ratings" are that popular Hungarian pair Florian Albert (left) and Ferenc Bene (right), in this picture enjoying welcome refreshment after their successful encounter with Brazil in last year's World Cup finals. (A.)

Atletico Madrid—never the bride!

by Keir Radnedge

AT the time of writing, Spanish football seems to be suffering from a self-imposed hang-over caused in part by the fans' over-confidence in the national team prior to the last World Cup. It was widely believed that following closely on the international successes of Real Madrid in the Champions' Cup, and CF Barcelona and Zaragoza in the Fairs' Cup, further success was due in the World Cup.

Now following the Spanish World Cup failure, CF Barcelona's defeat in the Fairs' Cup by Dundee United, and Real Madrid's hard luck in being drawn against Inter-Milan in the next round of the Champions' Cup, a reaction of disappointed recrimination has set in. Atletico Madrid's silly elimination by Vojvodina from the Champions' Cup made the gloom even deeper, and it is Atletico who illustrate very clearly how very, very thin is the dividing line between success and failure.

Atletico de Madrid was founded in October 1903 as "Athletic Madrid" by Madrid-based members of the Athletic Club Bilbao, and was for a short time just a subsidiary of the famous Basque club. Unfortunately, from the historical angle, few accounts remain of Athletic Madrid's early matches, but there are records of the first Madrid derbies with present-day Real, and these refer more to fisticuffs at half-time than to the quality of the football.

Successive

It was nearly 40 years before Atletico de Madrid pulled off a "real" success, and then the club won the League Championship in successive years—1940 and 1941—under the name of Atletico Aviacion, the name the club had taken during the period when all foreign names had by law to be "naturalised".

Nearly a decade then passed before Atletico (de) Madrid, as the club was known by now, won the Championship again. As before, the Championship trophy rested in the club-house (now in Calle Barquillo near the central Plaza de la Cibeles) for two years, the title being won in 1950 and retained the following year. Atletico's trainer, incidentally, at that time was Helenio Herrera—and Atletico have been making strenuous efforts to get him back ever since! Should Inter release him (unlikely as it seems at present) then Atletico would be one of the leading contenders in the race for the world's top boss.

Usually, however, the "Rojoblancos" (red-and-whites) must take second place to neighbours Real in other sundry affairs like winning European Cups and League Championships....

Out of the past eleven seasons Real boast six Champions' Cups; Atletico's reply is one Cup-Winners' Cup. Real have won seven Championships; Atletico one. Real had a 125,000-capacity stadium completed by 1958; Atletico's new stadium, which the club has recently moved into, will hold 75,000 if it is completed. It isn't hard to imagine then with what delight Atletico fans recall the Spanish Cup finals of 1960 and 1961 when the two rivals met in the final, and Atletico won 3-1 and 3-2! Real, of course, did win the Cup in 1962 at the expense of Sevilla.

Yet no matter what the relative records of League positions of the two rivals, the Madrid derbies always pull a near-full house wherever they are played. Always there is drama. In the early 'fifties Real winger Alsua "punched" a decisive goal; then in the European Cup semi-finals in 1959 the two clubs were drawn together. The teams for the first leg were:

Real: Dominguez; Miche, Santamaria, Lesmes; Santisteban, A. Ruiz; Mateos, Rial, De Stefano, Puskas, Gento.

Atletico: Pazos; Rivilla, Callejo, Mendiondo; Chuzo, Calleja; Miguel, Mendoza, Vava, Peiro, Collar.

Atletico lost the first leg 2-1 in Chamartin, but won 1-0 in their own Metropolitano stadium, before losing 2-1 again in a tense play-off in Zaragoza's stadium. In the League in 1960, again in Chamartin, Atletico's one-time Real goalkeeper Manuel Pazos was sent off, and veteran winger Miguel had to go in goal. He was only beaten once, by a Puskas penalty, but though Atletico also had a penalty award Mendoza not only pushed the ball wide of Real goalie, Bagur, but wide of the post as well! Two years ago, before 125,000 in Real's stadium, Atletico won sensationally by 1-0 to take over at the top of the League table.

Atletico should have been able to go on and win the title then, but failed with just a couple of matches from the season's end, and Real rarely miss those kind of second chances!

But under coach Domingo Balmanya it was different last year. Atletico stayed close behind Real all the way, and when the "Merengues" lost the penultimate game of the season away to Barcelona, Atletico beat Las Palmas 2-0 to put its nose ahead, and in Barcelona won the last match 2-0 against Espanol—Real won that day also, but it made no difference to the outcome of the Championship, and Enrique Collar smiled broadly when the President of the Spanish FA presented him with the coveted trophy. It had been a long struggle, but now it all seemed worth while.

Atletico were tops! In fact, one of the directors was so delighted that after the presentation he rushed straight down to the Atletico changing rooms and plunged fully clothed, under the showers, to congratulate the team. It was a day to be proud of indeed; and no one could dispute Atletico's right to the title. No team had scored more goals (54); no team had conceded fewer goals (20); only one player in the League had scored more goals than Atletico's Jose Luis (18). Only 18 players in all had been used throughout the season.

Announced

Immediately applications started to pile up for season tickets for *this* term. The club's president, Vicente Calderon, and his co-directors took the only step left to them: they announced that although Atletico's new stadium on the banks of the River Manzanares wasn't yet finished, Atletico would gain financially by making a premature move from the 40,000 Metropolitano stadium that had housed the club (in one form or another) for more than 20 years.

Metropolitano, in fact, had been sold to a building contractor in 1963, on the understanding that Atletico would be in their new ground by the end of the year. However, the new Manzanares stadium was left untouched for some time because of lack of money, and first Atletico had to accept a Real offer of the loan of Chamartin, and then had to go back to the builders to ask for the loan of Metropolitano until the new stadium (officially Estadio San Isidro) was ready! Atletico were still playing in Metropolitano last season, three years after the original sale!

Premature move or not to Manzanares, it was a healthy sign that the *aficionados* of Madrid wanted to turn up to match Atletico in greater numbers. Then came the World Cup. Atletico immediately cashed in on Portugal's success and engaged Otto Gloria as the new coach in place of Balmanya, who took over the Spanish national side.

Successful

The Championship was Atletico's; one of the most successful coaches in the World Cup was at Atletico; some of Spain's very best players were on the club's pay-roll; it should have added up to a very successful season for one and all.

Atletico started the League campaign with an away match against its original parent club, Atletico Bilbao, and lost 1-0—it must have been a bad omen for the club. Almost at once the European Cup was on top of them in the shape of a first round tie with Malmoe. The first leg was in Sweden, Atletico stayed back in defence, barely raising a sweat, and Cardona and Luis scored two goals in a minute before half-time to settle the match.

Yet all was not going well in the League. Came a home draw with early pace-setters Valencia, and then Gloria decided to drop wing-men Ufarte and Collar—the two men whose speed had been a vital factor in slicing through opposing defences on the way to the title the previous season.

Atletico lost the next match 1-0 away to Cordova. Jose Luis was sent off, and the Argentinian stopper Jorge Griffa—a regular target for the South American clubs when they tour Europe—was no more than a passenger during the final ten minutes when Atletico strove in vain to force an equaliser.

The following Wednesday, Malmoe came to Madrid for the return Copa Europa tie, and were easily, yet scrappily, disposed of by 3-1. Over the first European hurdle safely, and Atletico third from bottom of the Spanish First Division!

As we all know, however, League tables take a little while to settle down and reflect a balanced picture of the various teams, their talents, and their luck. Still, Atletico's most ironic defeat was yet to come—2-1 at the hands of Elche, unfashionable, untalented, but a team who always produce something special when facing one of the *Seigneurs* of Spanish football. Real, CFB, and Zaragoza, have all had cause to rue their fixtures with Elche. Atletico proved no exception.

Next week things will be different, promised the players, knowing that three prospective first-teamers would be fit again, and two more released from suspension. Pontevedra were duly defeated 3-1; the Portuguese schemer Mendoza played his best game of the season and scored the first goal; Cardona got the other two.

Then came the European Cup-tie with Vojvodina in Novisad, Yugoslavia. In a tough and tiring contest Atletico only really entered the game in the 15 minutes following half-time during which Luis notched Atletico's goal from the penalty spot. It was enough to level up with Takac's third-minute opening goal for the Slavs, but not enough when the Vojvodina forwards pierced Atletico's tight defence to force two more goals—a penalty by goalkeeper-captain Ilija Pantelic, and another by Brzic.

In the return, Luis hit another penalty (33rd minute), and also a 44th-minute tie leveller; yet though Mendoza pushed the Slavs hard in the second period there was no further scoring, and a play-off (also in Manzanares) was necessary.

Meanwhile, back in the League, Atletico proved brilliantly inconsistent. Defeated by Espanol, winning in fine style against Sevilla with only ten men for most of the game, then another fine performance in the Madrid derby in Real's Chamartin. Here unfortunately Atletico got off to a bad start in the fourth minute when Jose Martinez ("Pirri") slashed a Gento free-kick past his own out-of-position Rodri. Atletico's young 'keeper then made two fine saves from Velazquez and Felix Ruiz, before these two players and Veloso created a further Real goal for Gento.

Atletico tried very hard to come back in the second half, and encouraged by the fact that Real's Pachin and Zoco were nagged by injuries, scored when Mendoza headed in a cross by Cardona. There was no further scoring, however—the final score 2-1 to Real.

The teams were:

Real: Betancort; Sanchis, De Felipe, Zoco, Pachin; Pirri, F. Ruiz, Velazquez; Veloso, Amancio, Gento.

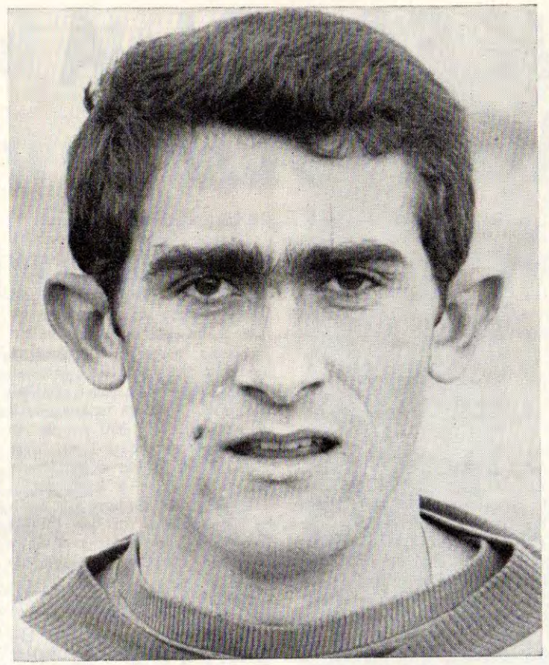
Atletico: Rodri; Colo, Martinez, Jayo, Glaria, Rivilla; Adelardo, Urtiago; Cardona, Luis, Mendoza, Collar.

The season was almost half-over. Atletico were seventh, ten points behind first-placed Real.

The fixtures repeated themselves. Bilbao came to Manzanares and lost 3-1; Atletico went to Barcelona and lost 3-2, but the players had the following Wednesday's play-off with Vojvodina on their minds.

Assured

It was three days before Chrismas. Fifty thousand turned out to watch the expected Atletico victory, which seemed assured when Collar hit two goals in the third and sixth minutes. Had those goals come half an hour later it could have been all over, but the Slavs were left with 84 minutes—nearly all the match—to make up the leeway. Over-confident, Atletico contented themselves with possession football in midfield, and the Yugoslavs broke back. Takac scored in the 25th minute, and to their despair the Spaniards discovered that they could not regain mid-field control. In the 87th minute Radovic plunged up from defence to level the score, and the match went to extra time. Every save by Pantelic made the Atletico players more and more despondent, and in the 12th minute of extra time Takac put Vojvodina into the quarter-finals. In their own country, before their own fans, Atletico had been very well defeated.



Pirri. (M.)

Now more trouble flared up—or rather, came out into the open.

The Atletico-Municipality of Madrid duel suddenly became of crucial importance. The mayor of Madrid had recently ordered that all work on the Manzanares stadium should cease, and that the club should start to dismantle the main stand and the access road spanning the river. Said the mayor: "Atletico did not ask for planning permission, and there is no need for a further stadium in Madrid."

President Calderon ordered that the work should go on as before. Since the trouble first flared up last October the club has had to ask the city authorities for permission to use their own stadium *every week!*

But perhaps a solution will soon be found. After all, Madrid's tallest building now ten years old, is still apparently without *its* official notice of approval, and the Spanish Minister of Sport attended a League match in Manzanares not long ago, so all this trouble may prove to be just a storm in a teacup.

But "Estadio San Isidro" is not President Calderon's only concern. In the summer of 1964 Atletico signed three players from Betis; two are regular first-teamers, Colo and Luis, but the other—Miguel Martinez—lies in hospital in Madrid, having been in a coma since late 1964 when injured (kicked on the head) during a match in Uruguay. The wing-half's contract expires this July, but the luckless President Calderon has had no option but to personally guarantee the welfare of the player's wife and child for an indefinite period beyond that date. *Already*, Calderon is said to have lost more than £20,000 since becoming President of Atletico!

Influenced

On top of these worries there are many doubts about the playing staff. Feliciano Munoz Rivilla (one-time Real), who is the strong defensive jack-of-all trades, has announced that he will retire at the end of the season; he is only 32. Perhaps his decision was influenced by Gloria's recent criticism of the players—but Gloria must feel recompensed for his troubles, for Atletico have awarded him a new contract. Gloria would like to see Atletico rebuilding on youth (like you-know-who of course) but the club's finances are reported to be in such a position that any team-building plans must wait until some of the debts incurred in constructing Manzanares are paid off. Some estimates of the stadium's cost run beyond a cool *one-and-a-quarter million pounds!*

It even seems likely that Atletico may be forced to transfer one or two of their more experienced players to stay their creditors. Griffa (aged 30) could well return to the Argentine, and a fat cheque could yet persuade the club to part with one of its star forwards—Mendoza (30) and Adelardo (28), the latter having spent most of the season on the injured list, might well repay another club's initial investment.

Yet there is one player whose transfer from Atletico would be nothing short of a major sensation: centre-forward Jose Luis Aragones. Luis was born in Madrid on July 28, 1938, and Real Madrid was his first professional club, though he only spent one year there, season 1957–58. From Real he passed through various minor clubs before making his reputation with Betis Sevilla, and now going on to enhance it with Atletico.

● *Continued on page 13*

PIONEER IN A TRACK SUIT

by LESLIE VERNON

DURING the last week-end of February, the big chiefs of FIFA gathered in London to discuss the problems of football. The first item on the agenda was the final assessment of the enormous profits of last year's World Cup. Other points under consideration were the thorny questions of football in the United States and the ways and means of improving refereeing on international level. Amongst the many famous legislators and aged rulers of the game, my interest focused on a younger man, who alone will have a larger, more important part to play in the future of football than the moguls sitting around the conference table.

This dapper little German with the wide open smile is Dettmar Cramer, the new official FIFA coach with the specific job of developing the game in the vast continent of Asia. I talked to this football missionary in a Bayswater hotel, between sessions of the conference, while he was sipping the strongest drink he ever takes—a glass of Pepsi-cola.

"What is your personal background?"

"I have played football only as an amateur, since professionalism was not introduced in Germany in my time. I was an inside-forward first for Victoria Dortmund, then for Borussia Dortmund. I stopped playing in 1950 because of injury at the age of 26. After a coaching course, I was employed by the North Westfalen County Association for 13 years in a sort of roving capacity, travelling around the county, giving help and advice wherever it was needed. In 1963, I joined the West German FA as the official coach for the national schoolboy, youth, amateur and Under-23 teams. I lectured in our many excellent training camps and I also had to prepare examination papers for coaches. During this time I was given special leave to go to Japan and prepare their team for the Tokyo Olympic Games. This opportunity enabled me to study football in Asia. I have met many players and officials there and understand their problems intimately."

"What is your job exactly, and your immediate programme?"

"To coach in Germany or England is comparatively easy, the facilities are good, football is well established, the whole atmosphere is helpful. In Asia, I will not have these advantages and it is my job to start a slow development which in time will bring about a situation similar to that in Europe. I start my work on April 1, and up to April, 1968, I will spend four weeks in each of 11 different countries, going from West to East. Pakistan, India, Thailand, Malaysia, Singapore, South Vietnam, the Philippines, Hong Kong, Formosa, Japan, South Korea. In each country we will open a training camp, calling in 18 players of the international team, 16 juniors, plus the best coaches and referees."

"How popular is football in Asia?"

"It is the number one sport everywhere except in Japan, where, owing to American influence, baseball is more popular. But even in Japan I noticed an amazing increase in interest. When I first went there in 1960 the most important league match was attended by 600 people. In 1966, only six years later, there were 30,000 people in the Olympic Stadium for a local derby. The potential support for football is fantastic in this thickly populated continent—eventually it could be the best in the world!"

"What are the greatest problems in Asian football?"

"Money. My salary and expenses will be paid by FIFA, but that is all the financial help I will receive. I plan to stage exhibition matches everywhere to pay for the cost of the training camps I have mentioned. These matches will be played at the end of my stay, in the largest city of each country between selected teams, using only the players who were with me during the previous four weeks. Instructive coaching films will also be made in the camps and I hope to sell them to the local TV stations. But these are only short term solutions. Money is needed to improve the playing pitches, ground facilities, balls, shoes and other equipment. Correct diet for the players is another important item. When in Japan, I consulted a doctor, asking him to work out a diet for a young developing athlete who will follow my training schedule. Between 4,000 and 5,000 calories per day were prescribed—eating the right kind of food, that is a daily expense of about 30s. The average monthly wage in Japan is £20! How can a young man spend 30s. per day on food alone? Apart from the financial difficulties, which exist in degrees everywhere, the problems vary according to the racial and cultural differences in the countries. In India, for instance, the boys' ball-control is up to Brazilian standard. They practise day and night with bamboo balls and develop an almost magical control. On the other hand they lack tactical know-how, stamina, energy and what I call 'fighting-power', which is a will to win. When an Indian team is one goal behind they simply fold up.

"The Chinese have a better mental 'make-up', they are physically strong, fast players, but their technical ability is poor, they don't seem to enjoy exercising with the ball. In Malaysia, players from different races form the international team. To bring cohesion and understanding to their play is a very hard task. Laxity and talent in one country, discipline, keenness and very little else in another—this is football in Asia today. They are ten years behind Europe now, but they are getting more and more international experience, and when the present-day players will become coaches, there will be a startling improvement. By 1974, I hope to see an Asian team in the World Cup Finals, apart from North Korea, a special case, who have had Soviet coaches and government support since 1963."

● *Continued on page 12*

Bobby Charlton, named by one of West Germany's top coaches (see article) as the perfect example of a modern day footballer. (A.)

Splendid start for Brown—can he continue?

Scottish News by JOHN STONE

FEBRUARY 20, 1967 ... remember that date well, for in years to come, when Scottish fans talk about "In the beginning", that's the day when it may all have started happening.

It was on that Monday morning that yet another Scotland team manager, Bobby Brown, took over at SFA headquarters, and immediately got to work with the Selectors choosing Scotland's Under-23 team which met England at Newcastle.

This was the best possible start for a new boss. It got him right into the heart of the job on his first morning in charge.

Bobby Brown, famous goalkeeper with Queen's Park and Rangers, wasn't everyone's choice. Many hard-boiled fans figured he hadn't enough experience for the most difficult job of all ... taking Scotland to the top.

I DISAGREE, for while Brown has no managerial experience in Europe with his club, St. Johnstone, he did soak up plenty of the big-match atmosphere with Rangers and Scotland.

A fearless goalkeeper, and a semi-successful manager of a small-time First Division club!

I agree, it's not quite the same background as held by some of his predecessors, notably Matt Busby and Jock Stein.

But Brown, not quite 40, is an intelligent person who makes no secret of his shortcomings (if you can call limited experience shortcomings).

He has been given a contract, with a six-month finishing option on either side, which will take him beyond Mexico and the 1970 World Cup.

That in itself is an incentive for Brown to do well. He has got time on his side. Time to learn. Time to settle in. Time to mould a team of his own choosing.

Beginners' luck can play a big part in his settling-in period.

For after the big international between England and Scotland — and what a wonderful Wembley send-off to Brown's career a Scottish win will be! — the Scots go off on a tour of the Far East.

This trip was condemned by the critics, myself included, because it looked like being undertaken with only a skeleton side.

Since then, various reasons, including Mr. Brown's appointment, have made me change my view.

Here is an excellent opportunity for B.B. to set the pattern he wants to see emerge.

The news, too, that Rangers players are after all almost certain to be available, gives the Scottish party further strength and significance.

Brown himself is delighted at getting this touring opportunity. He has also stressed that he does not mind how much he travels abroad in Scotland's soccer cause.

This is the attitude Scotland's supporters must applaud. Yet it's hardly surprising from a man brought up in the Rangers' tradition of "Aye Ready".

Mr. Brown, it seems, is going to be prepared. Scotland should certainly reap the benefits of his enthusiasm.

Rangers, sensationally beaten by Berwick Rangers of the humble Second Division in the Scottish Cup First Round, have become allergic to England.

That's my only possible summing up, for after losing at Berwick (just over the English border), the Light Blues stormed back in the Scottish League to whip all rivals in their follow-up matches.

Then came a short English trip in the week previous to the Second Round of the Cup, and Rangers were walloped 3-1 by Stoke City and then lost 1-0 to Leicester, two sides, like themselves, given early Cup k.o.'s.

Many people have pointed gloomily to those results — and others, like Kilmarnock's defeat at West Ham, 2-0 by a half-strength side — and used these matches as their argument that our top teams wouldn't live in the English top flight.

I cannot agree. Friendly football means nothing, really. It is when the chips are down, in competitive play, that the true signs show through.

Scottish team manager Bobby Brown. (A.)

Don't damn Scottish soccer on friendly results. Celtic showed against Liverpool in Europe last season that they are as good as almost anybody in England. Some of our other sides would certainly hold their own.

Talking of Europe, many fans I know will be delighted by the news that dates for NEXT SEASON'S first two rounds in the European Cup and Cup-Winners' Cup competitions have already been fixed.

All the early ties will go on the same day in each competition. First round dates are September 20 and October 4, and the Second Round two legs are booked for November 8 and December 6.

So by Christmas, we should know how our two teams are shaping up.

I certainly applaud this new dates idea. It keeps matter really tidy, and lets supporters of clubs involved know easily just who else is still in there with a challenge.

Celtic, the never-stand-still Champions-elect of Scottish soccer, are forever planning ahead.

That's why they are successful!

Already they have announced another small item that shows just how much they think ahead. A new straw blanket is being purchased for next season in a beat-the-weather bid.

The blanket, unlike loose straw, is laid quickly and taken up again with just as much speed. And speed is vital if there is Met. Office indication of a snap frost.

Bravo, Celtic, the thinkers of the Scottish game.

BRIAN GLANVILLE poses a question of topical interest . . .

Are reserves at all necessary?

WHEN I was a schoolboy on holiday, I used to watch Arsenal and the Arsenal Reserves. The Reserve team almost always used to win the championship of the Football Combination, and get to the Final of the Football Combination Cup, but somehow or other there was never any flow of talent into the first team. Instead, reserve players went on and on playing in the Combination till at last the time came to transfer them, usually to a Third Division club, where they quickly lost their places and dropped out of major football.

It was quite astonishing how many good young players thus wasted their substance in the Arsenal Reserves of those days. A number of them, like Doug Farquhar, an outside-right; Eddie Holland, another winger; Alex Horsfield, an inside-forward or wing-half; and Leslie Henley, who filled the same positions, had been first team players in the transitional, post-war, "unofficial" season; when there had been no Football League Championship, and no second team. In the Football Combination, they played efficiently and successfully, but scarcely any of them got a chance even to fail in the first team. Horsfield, I remember, was leading scorer in the Combination side for years, but didn't get a single game in the League; surely a heartbreaking experience. In due course he was transferred but by now it was too late; any potential he had simply wasn't there any more; it had withered away.

Thus, my feeling about reserve teams is a rather ambivalent one. Things at Arsenal have changed a good deal in the last 20 years, young players generally getting a much earlier and better chance. But there is still the lingering fear that reserve teams become an end in themselves, a sort of stagnant backwater where promising players sink beneath the reeds and water lilies. For this reason, I am not entirely perturbed by the new tendency among certain clubs to eliminate reserve teams. It is germane to consider just how much good reserve teams, in fact, can do; to just what extent they are essential, and to just what extent they are potentially harmful.

Portsmouth, who started the season with 16 or so professionals, haven't a reserve team any more, and don't appear to be suffering from it unduly. And as the harsh economic realities increasingly afflict clubs not only in Britain but all over the world, more and more clubs everywhere are likely to take a long, hard look at their reserve teams—and consider whether they are really worth having.

Youth teams, it seems to me, are another matter. A club which doesn't run a youth team is foolish. The cost can be very low, if most of your players are local boys; either amateurs, or apprentice professionals, whose rate of pay is low. But once you are running a reserve team, you can scarcely cope with a staff of less than 22; and even then, you will be obliged to bring in amateur and youth players to make up the number. But how many clubs, in these hard times, can afford a staff of 22 or more, let alone the 30 or 40 which it was customary for many a club to employ?

The situation, of course, is complicated by the foolish insistence of British clubs on playing reserve football on Saturdays, instead of in midweek, as they have long done in Italy. I well remember the reserve matches I used to go and watch in the old Stadio Torino, in 1954–5, standing behind one of the goals, and the wire netting, with Jesse Carver, then the Roma manager. These matches were thoroughly useful for trying out first team players who had been injured. Sometimes the wingers would be Chico Ghiggia, whose goal won the World Cup for Uruguay against Brazil in 1950, in the Maracana, and Stefano Nyers, the famous Hungarian international; each competing with the other for the applause of the crowd. At left-back there was the admirable young Losi, who today is Roma's centre-half, a veteran international and one of the most loyal club men that stormy club has ever had.

Mid-week football means that several of your players can, if necessary, play two games in the week. Besides, when a League club plays away from home, it always takes a couple of reserves; even more, now that the substitute rule has been promulgated. These players won't, in the normal run of events, get a Saturday game at all, which makes a run in midweek all the more essential.

Leslie Vernon

—*from page 10*

"What kind of football do you believe in, Mr. Cramer?"

"My faith is in attacking, open football played in the modern way. The days of the specialists are over, the player of the future must have all-round ability, should be able to work non-stop for 90 minutes without any 'rest periods'. The ideal footballers most suited to modern requirements are Bobby Charlton and Franz Beckenbauer. To develop this type of player must be the aim of every coach dealing with youngsters. I do not think that the game suffers from an 'over-defensive' complex. This is already a thing of the past. Look at Inter-Milan, once considered a purely defensive side, but now they use their strong defence as a launching pad for their frequent and dangerous attacking moves."

"The future?"

"I believe in the future of football, the game is in a very healthy state. I am grateful to the FIFA for this marvellous opportunity to work in the underdeveloped countries of Asia, giving me a chance to create something lasting and beneficial for the game as a whole. I relish the challenge and am looking forward to meeting it!"

I have heard these last few words many times before, but coming from this short, determined man with the almost fanatical glint of a pioneer in his eyes, they had a ring of freshness and truth about them.

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But if you scrap your reserve team, your problem will be how to give your reserve players match practice. Italian clubs tend to resolve the problem with a great many practice games against weak local opposition, but there is something unreal about this; even more unreal than reserve team football itself which, as any player knows, is no true preparation for the real thing. Practice matches within the club itself are open to the same objection. Yet in effect, once you have cut down your staff to, say, 15 or 16 players, the problem won't often arise. You will need, for a start, at least a dozen players for every Saturday or Sunday match, and given the big incidence of casualties, it is most unlikely that at any one time you'll have less than a couple of players out through injury. Effectively, therefore, the number of footballers who are not getting games in any one week may be no higher than two or three. And since some of those will no doubt be young enough to play in the youth team, the number could be even lower.

Abolishing reserve teams, moreover, gives a healthy incentive to clubs to give youth an early fling. Not that this is really anything new in British football. Though we must take it on trust that young people are maturing physically at a much earlier age, the records suggest that many of them were given a very quick chance, 30 years ago and more. The Wolves team of the late 1930s, under Major Frank Buckley, was the prime example. Jimmy Mullen was 16 when he played on the left wing against Grimsby Town in the Cup semi-final of 1939; 11 full years before he represented England in a World Cup match! Cliff Bastin was an Arsenal winger at 17, Albert Geldard played for Bolton Wanderers at 15. And if such precocity was exceptional, it was not wholly the exception that proved the rule.

There is, of course, another side to it. The need to throw young players in at the deep end may expose them too early to the physical and psychological pressures of major football. Manchester United, with Matt Busby's adventurous youth policy, have thrown up so much young talent since the war that one's inclined to forget the youngsters who faded rapidly away: Birkett, Birch, Doherty, Clempson.

Now that the Football League is prepared to countenance player loans, the problem of giving players a regular game can be greatly mitigated. Moreover, to lend a player to another League club, even one in a lower division, ensures that he is playing regular, competitive—rather than reserve — football. Player-loans are not an ideal phenomenon; in Italy, clubs like Inter, Milan and Juventus are inclined to weave their network of loans across the peninsula like so many giant spiders—but they can be very helpful both to the lending and the borrowing club.

As costs grow higher, attendances at lesser matches shrink, so reserve teams will be under increasing pressure. Their disappearance can't be hailed as an absolute good; but nor, as I have tried to show, need it be an unqualified evil.

NEVER THE BRIDE—ATLETICO

● *Continued from page 9*

The two Luis of Real and Atletico are very different players. The Real inside-forward was a lanky and ponderous player; the Atletico spearhead is a tall and fast-moving player who takes goal-chances with mechanical efficiency.

Unfortunately his colleagues at Atletico are probably past their best now: Skipper Collar is 32, the ex-Sevilla international Ruiz Sosa is 30, left-back Calleja 32. There are younger players like the all-purpose Martinez Jayo, the ex-Valencia striker Urtiago, and the ex-Tenerife star Juan Garita, but without experienced and consistent support they will just become players with a brilliant future *behind them.*

From success to failure in nine months. It was the players more than anyone who brought about the League triumph; but the fault for Atletico's failures does not lie with them, nor can it now be corrected by them.

Otto Gloria probably put his finger on the trouble when he said recently that the organisation of Real Madrid is six or seven years ahead of that of all the other leading Spanish clubs —Atletico included. It seems that though Spanish football at club level was given a head start on everybody else by Real Madrid in the 'fifties, the other clubs all tried to emulate Real too quickly, and lost their heads in the rush that followed.

Of all these clubs none has a sadder tale to tell than Atletico de Madrid—always the bridesmaid, never the bride. In Madrid it seems to be Real who are always white.

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EXPORT VETO GIVEN A "NO"

WORLD DIARY

by ROGER MACDONALD

ALTHOUGH Yugoslav football is being drained of its lifeblood, the last meeting of the Union of Professional Clubs still decided to oppose any veto on the exportation of players. The reason is that most of the clubs are in serious financial difficulties, with rising wages and falling gates, aggravated by Yugoslavia's failure to reach the finals of the World Cup. They simply cannot afford to provide adequate salaries for their top professionals, and transfer fees (they usually receive a third of the total amount) are their only major source of additional revenue.

But Yugoslavia is not a bottomless pit of talent. Already there are over 2,000 amateurs, semi-professionals and professionals playing abroad, including 200 first-class footballers, and enough internationals to field two complete teams . . . each of them far stronger than any eleven that could be chosen at home. This incredible situation places Yugoslavia's participation in international and club competitions in most serious jeopardy.

The new national team manager facing a crisis is Rajko Mitic, who played for Yugoslavia in two Olympiads and two World Cups. Mitic, born at Bela Palanka in 1922, scored 262 goals in 572 appearances for Red Star Belgrade, winning four championships and four Cup-Winners' medals. He scored another 33 goals in 59 full internationals. He has created a strong team at Dynamo Zagreb, with phenomenal fitness and determination derived from rigid discipline.

Yet this fine pedigree will avail him nothing if the cream of Yugoslavia's footballers gamble on their future abroad. Partizan Belgrade lost almost their entire European Cup Final team, and their manager and trainer, early in the season: now OFK Belgrade have transferred all their outstanding players — Skoblar to Marseille; Samardzic to Enchede in the Netherlands; Gavric, Gugleta and Mitic to the United States.

Most of the Yugoslav mercenaries have proved an outstanding success. Josip Skoblar, capped 27 times, and one of the best wingers in Europe, is on loan to Marseille until Hannover 96, who have given him a two-year contract, can play him in League matches. He scored nine goals in his first seven games in France, and though Marseille dropped him for not trying in a match with Angers (which they lost 5-0), it means that all will be forgiven and forgotten.

At Nantes, Kovacevic is showing the marvellous ball-control and deadly shot from a short back-swing that put him in the national side. Takac has made a slower start at Rennes, but this is understandable after such an upheaval at the end of the year. He played his last match for Vojvodina in the play-off against Atletico in Madrid, and scored the winning goal; dashed home to get married; then left two days later for France. His bride, Valerie, was unable to accompany him because her visa did not come through in time; so she was driven from Novisad by Takac's brother, and arrived just in time to see him play his first home match. As Takac does not speak a word of French, and no one at the Rennes club understands Serbo-Croat, sign language has been at a premium; but such difficulties seem trivial in view of the tiny fee Rennes paid Vojvodina — just over £7,000.

Vasovic, installed in a luxury apartment at Zandvoort, a few miles from Amsterdam, has caused Ajax something of a dilemma. Eligible for League matches from Boxing Day, but not for the quarter-finals of the European Cup, Vasovic could not be totally assimilated into the team without endangering their prospects of beating Dukla Prague. However, there have been few problems for his compatriot, Milorad Galic, across the border at Standard Liege. He quickly lost weight put on during his army service ("we had a slack sergeant-major"), and has proved a highly effective and popular member of their first team.

Although Radenkovic still delights the crowds at 1860 Munich — and brought the dismissal of their manager, Max Merkel, almost single-handed — his famous goalkeeping colleague, Soskic, has been in fine form at Cologne. There is little to choose between them in matters of reflexes and acrobatics, but Soskic, perhaps not yet at his peak, is driven by ambition into extreme recklessness.

Radenkovic's colleague at Munich, Perusic, seems quite indefatigable in midfield, adapting himself readily to the highly physical German game. But the most successful signing is perhaps Jusufi, whom Eintracht Frankfurt have turned from a full-back to midfield link — not an easy transition, even for a player of Jusufi's talents.

As for Sekularec, he varies from bad to brilliant — past his peak but giving Karlsruhe an occasional demonstration of his prodigious ball-control. Sekularec dislikes hard training, and goes home to Yugoslavia whenever he can — and is supposed to have outdistanced a police car when driving home to Belgrade for Christmas at a reckless speed in his Mercedes 250 SL. This did not please his club, any more than his frequent visits to the Baden-Baden Casino to play roulette until the early hours of the morning.

Mitic has already decided that he must use some of the outstanding internationals playing abroad. "I fully intend to include some of our exiles, in spite of the difficulties," he said, "especially Jusufi, Vasovic and Skoblar. We will have extended practices of at least a week before our next international with Hungary (April 23), and probably ten days before we play West Germany in the European Championship. You can be sure that the Germans, for all their final place in the World Cup, will not win at Belgrade."

The Yugoslav team will almost certainly come from the following:

Goalkeepers: Pantelic (Vojvodina), Knezevic (Radnicki), Jantoljak (Rijecka), Curkovic (Partizan).

Full-backs: Jevtic (Red Star), Fazlagic (Sarajevo), Jusufi (Eintracht Frankfurt), Milevoj (Rijecka), Basovic (Partizan), Brzic (Vojvodina), Brncic (Dynamo Zagreb).

Half-backs: Dakic (Vojvodina), Zemko (Vojvodina), Vasovic (Ajax Amsterdam), Becejac (Partizan).

Forwards: Zambata (Dynamo Zagreb), Djajic (Red Star), Melic (Red Star), Hasanagic (Partizan), Nadoveza (Hajduk Split), Mojsov (Vardar Skopje), Takac (Rennes), Samardzic (SC Enschede).

Ironically, while so many Yugoslavs leave for Western Europe, other Eastern Europeans are eager to play in Belgrade, where professionalism is practised, even if there is some doubt about its legality. Florian Albert of Hungary, and Georgi Asparoukhov of Bulgaria have both considered offers from Red Star and Partizan with enthusiasm. No doubt they saw the huge sign on the western border: "Vacancies". . . .

THE cult of the Pelé non-story continues. The latest non-existent offer of £450,000 from a non-existent Inter-Milan official brought a rash of banner headlines to the front page of the *Evening Standard*. The facts are that Juventus made an offer of nearly £400,000 to Santos over a year ago, and withdrew it when the Italian League re-imposed their ban on foreign players until 1970. Santos, in any case, have made it quite clear that no offer for Pelé, however large, will be accepted, and in January Pelé signed a new three-year contract. As for the rumours of a move to Germany, Pelé's visit was primarily to sign a new *publicity* contract, and to discuss with Endler, director of an electrical goods factory, the possibility of setting up a similar factory in Brazil.

Pelé has made it quite clear that he would only leave Santos "if the atmosphere there became intolerable". With his increasing business interests, he is far more likely to give up playing altogether, rather than risk a sortie into the lunatic world of *catenaccio*. "I have no intention," said Pelé recently, "of becoming the world's richest cripple."

And yet another non-story, this time obtruding in the pages of the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily Mail*. Franz Beckenbauer was reported to have accepted an offer from Toronto Italia Falcons and to have signed an option on a five-year contract worth £50,000.

Alas, on the previous day, Beckenbauer had told me: "I haven't signed anything. The money might have tempted me if I could have been sure of returning to European football without risk of suspension. But Bayern would not release me even for a transfer fee until the end of my contract, which is not until next year."

THE rise of Cappellini (see the special article on Inter-Real) has put the career of Luis Vinicius de Menenzes, better known as Vinicio, even further in doubt. The Brazilian has scored 148 goals in 321 Italian League appearances during the last 12 years, playing for Naples, Bologna and Lanerossi before his transfer to Inter during the close season. Last year he scored 25 goals in 34 matches at Lanerossi, the best performance of the championship, but has only one goal and six matches to his credit at Inter-Milan.

"I understand his impatience," said Herrera, "but Lanerossi is not Inter. Vinicio must raise his game and work harder to keep a place in our side." Alas, just turned 35, for Vinicio time seems to be running out.

IF William Tell had been made governor of Vienna during the Swiss Revolt, it would have scarcely been more controversial than the appointment of Erwin Alge as Austrian team manager. Alge, 43, has no experience in first-class football, but his great crime is to be a provincial — he works in industry in Vorarlberg, a province in the extreme west. His 14 post-war predecessors, and I believe every coach since the days of Hugo Meisl, came from Vienna.

When Fruhwirth resigned after a depressing Scandinavian tour, he nominated Karl Koller as his successor. Koller, 37, retired last summer after winning 86 caps and playing in League football (mainly at 1st Vienna) for nearly 20 years. He assisted Fruhwirth at Budapest, Austria's last full international. But the FA made offers in turn to Baroti (Hungary), Ocwirk (Austria), Vytlacil (Rapid FC), Rappan (Switzerland), Herberger (West Germany) and Pesser (Austria), who accepted the job then changed his mind the following day.

Now Koller and Pesser will advise Alge, whose position is honorary and unpaid. "I realise I have a formidable task on my hands," he told me. "But the talent is there, and the energy: one has only to harness it properly. I think we showed at Wembley that it is always unwise to underestimate an Austrian side; do not underestimate our powers of recovery. England will be hard put to save her unbeaten record when she comes here in the summer, and if the Soviet Union thinks she is as good as through to the last eight of the European Championship [from Austria's group], then she is very much mistaken.

"One of our problems is the increasing number of foreign players in the Austrian League — one has only to look at Italy and her post-war results to see the effect. But our biggest mistake in recent years has been to look mainly at footballers in the capital. There are good teams elsewhere in Austria — like Linz ASK, who won both Cup and League two years ago, and Wacker-Innsbruck this season. I am determined to make the best of all our resources."

Herr Alge lacks nothing in enthusiasm, but optimism derived from inexperience is unlikely to last long. The Austrian FA may find that appointing a part-time amateur in a critical period is the falsest of false economies.

IN NOMINE PATRIA

THEY take their football seriously in Mexico, where a special mass was conducted by the leading churchman, the Cardinal of Mexico City, for the winners of the League championship. The successful club was Toluca, known as the Red Devils, who made certain of victory by beating Necaxa 2-0 in their final match. Toluca's triumph, the first since they were founded in 1907, may prove the salvation of Ignacio Trelles, who combines the job of club manager with coach to the national side — a position sought by Antonio Carbajal.

Currently struggling to gain a first team spot with Inter-Milan is close season signing Vinicio, the Brazilian whose former club was Lanerossi Vicenza. (O.)

I AM somewhat at a loss to understand why the promoters of the American football leagues — both the sheriffs and the outlaws — are spending so much time and money publicising them in Britain. One would think that thousands of supporters were about to sail across the Atlantic — throwing bunks, no doubt, out of the Queen Mary's portholes — to see their clubs boosting the game for the great American public during the European close season.

The 199th press conference of the NASL (legal) seemed to have the sole purpose of extending the peace pipe to the NPSL (illegal), for whom American business support has steadily been mounting. But while Sir Stanley Rous denied that FIFA had issued a five-year threat of suspension to any player who joined an NPSL club, he did *not* say that players can join the illegal organisation with impunity. In fact any retained professional who moves to America before the end of his contract and/or without payment of an agreed transfer fee must ultimately be subject to disciplinary action either by his former national association or by FIFA — otherwise the retain and transfer system widely practised in Europe will collapse.

It will be interesting to see whether the NPSL system of starting a domestic tournament immediately, sacrificing high skill for local interest, proves more effective than the NASL method of promoting soccer with a £250,000 invitation tournament as an appetiser. This month 12 clubs take part in a series of special fixtures: April 12: Red Star Belgrade v. Atletico Bilbao; April 19: Real Madrid v. Leeds United (provisional); April 26: West Ham United v. Vasas Budapest; May 7: Cruzeiro Belo Horizonte v. Eintracht Frankfurt; May 10: Juventus (provisional) v. Rangers; May 17: Benfica v. Liverpool (provisional).

The main obstacle to a merger, as I explained in last month's diary, is the American Football Association's financial requirements to extend their franchise to NPSL. As one of their promoters told me recently: "Sure, the FA will let us in the front door. But we'll have to pay for our own red carpet."

APPARENTLY Atletico Madrid not only had insufficient capital to build their new stadium, Manzanares: they also omitted to ask for planning permission. The municipal council of Madrid has told the club that they would never have permitted them to build on the site, in the first place because Atletico do not own the land, and secondly because the council still intend to develop the area as a public park. I may be wrong, but this looks like a job for those German engineers who raised the Egyptian statues out of reach of the lake behind the Aswan Dam. . . .

JULINHO (Guilio Botelho) has just played his last match for Palmeiras, after 17 years in first-team football. His transfer to Fiorentina in 1955, you may recall, ended in a scandal that echoed around Italy. Signed from Portuguesa Sao Paulo (where he was born) as an *oriundi*, a foreigner of Italian extraction, Julinho had to be reinstated as a full foreigner — because a routine State enquiry discovered his alleged ancestor was a Catholic priest. . . . But he stayed to play a notable part in Fiorentina's championship victory of 1955–56 and their subsequent progress to the final of the European Cup.

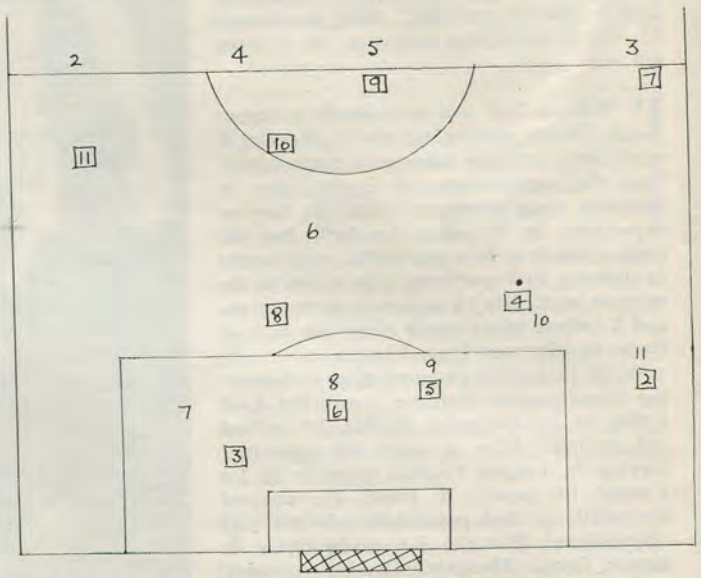
A strong and imaginative winger, Julinho returned to Brazil in 1958 — though he was too late to play in the 1958 World Cup. A year later he displaced Garrincha to torment England at Rio. Palmeiras paid a world record £111,000 to sign him — not an outrageous price for a winger of such high quality.

WHILE attendances are up by 100 a game in England, they have fallen in Italy with a resounding crash. Four hundred thousand fewer spectators watched the first half of the league programme in comparison with the corresponding period of last season. A succession of dreary defensive matches, and the World Cup fiasco, have combined to take their toll.

● *Continued on page 35*

'Libero' now a vital factor

DIAGRAM A.



by ERIC BATTY

THE most important tactical development of the last decade has been the introduction of the free-back or libero as he is known in Italy. At one stroke the defensive pattern has been changed—even more deeply than was the case with the introduction of the stopper centre-half. The full implications of the free-back game have yet to be fully understood, though this is perhaps forgivable in Britain, where he has to become a common sight.

Schulz (West Germany) and Matrai (Hungary) were two of the most effective liberos seen during the World Cup, yet while Uruguay's Troche did a fine job against England, the performance I remember best came a few weeks before the World Cup.

Quite the most effective demonstration of the free-back game yet seen in Britain was that put on by Borussia Dortmund in the Final of the 1965–66 European Cup-Winners' Cup. Beating Liverpool 2-1, the Germans proved beyond doubt that while they may be the most effective and perhaps most consistent team in Britain, Liverpool do not know the answer to the libero.

Maybe that is putting the case too strongly for Liverpool certainly concentrated their attacks on the wings. In this department Liverpool are very well served by Ian Callaghan and Peter Thompson, but even they could make no real impression against a well drilled defence . . . and Wolfgang Paul lying "free" behind. I recall this match not only because Paul and his colleagues effectively stifled the Liverpool attack but because West Ham manager, Ron Greenwood, was invited to comment on the match by the BBC. Watching on television I heard Mr. Greenwood say quite clearly, *"the answer is to put someone 'IN' from behind"*.

With a free-back in control of the central approach to goal, real progress can only be made on the wings. But with a world shortage of top-class wingers and many clubs playing with only one winger (and some none at all) it is easier said than done.

Facing a free-back we can decide to go down the wings, but if our wingers lack the necessary ability or speed to go past their respective full-backs we are likely to make less progress on the flanks than we would up the middle. As Mr. Greenwood suggested, the answer is to put someone in from behind.

TIGHTER

For the domestic British game, free-backs are not a problem, but even our defences have become considerably tighter in the last year or so, and full-backs in 1967 are far less willing to rush into premature tackles than they once were. Thus even in Britain it is more difficult than ever to make progress down the wings, and again we come back to the same answer. If our wingers cannot go past their immediate opponent *. . . we must put someone in from behind.*

To put one of our players "in" behind the enemy full-back is relatively easy, though it requires understanding from the players and quite a lot of rehearsal in training. It also demands that we discard our old habit of hammering long balls down the touchlines for our wingers to chase — balls which generations of full-backs have learned to anticipate.

There are two basically simple ways of putting a player "in" behind the enemy full-back, and I have seen both methods employed by some of the better drilled British teams. Both moves have obviously been rehearsed, but they are used by no more than half a dozen English clubs.

In diagram A I have sketched the approximate positions of the players in the moment that an attack breaks down by the right-half winning the ball in a tackle. Having now gained possession of the ball we move from defence into attack, and as quickly and accurately as possible the right-half should get the ball up to the right-winger (7).

I should stress here that (a) passing back to his goalkeeper, (b) giving an "easy" short pass to another defensive colleague, and (c) running with the ball, will all waste time. This gives the enemy time to recover, to get back into defensive positions before we can press our attack.

With the ball on its way to our winger, other things are happening. 4, 8 and 6 are all moving out into support positions where they can receive a pass from 7 should he get into trouble—while 2 is racing out to take up position for a breakthrough. At the same time his colleagues should be telling 7 how his left-back is reacting—calling "turn" or "man on". Turn . . . if the left-back has held his ground to mark his zone, and man on . . . if the back is coming forward in an attempt to win the ball.

In diagrams B1 and B2 we see how the attacks should be developed in each case. In B1 we see how to develop our attack when the left-back elects to mark space, and allows the winger to control the ball and turn. The winger now moves off with the ball towards his opponent, challenging him to a duel but veering away inside. If the back refuses to come inside (which he will not) the winger would seize his opportunity to break through "inside" the back. Ninety-nine

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times out of a hundred, the back will accept the challenge and be tempted inside (10 to 15 yards will be ample) and the winger then lays the ball back to a mid-field colleague who can put the ball "on" for his right-back who is already on his way. Our right-back has "overlapped" his winger and broken through.

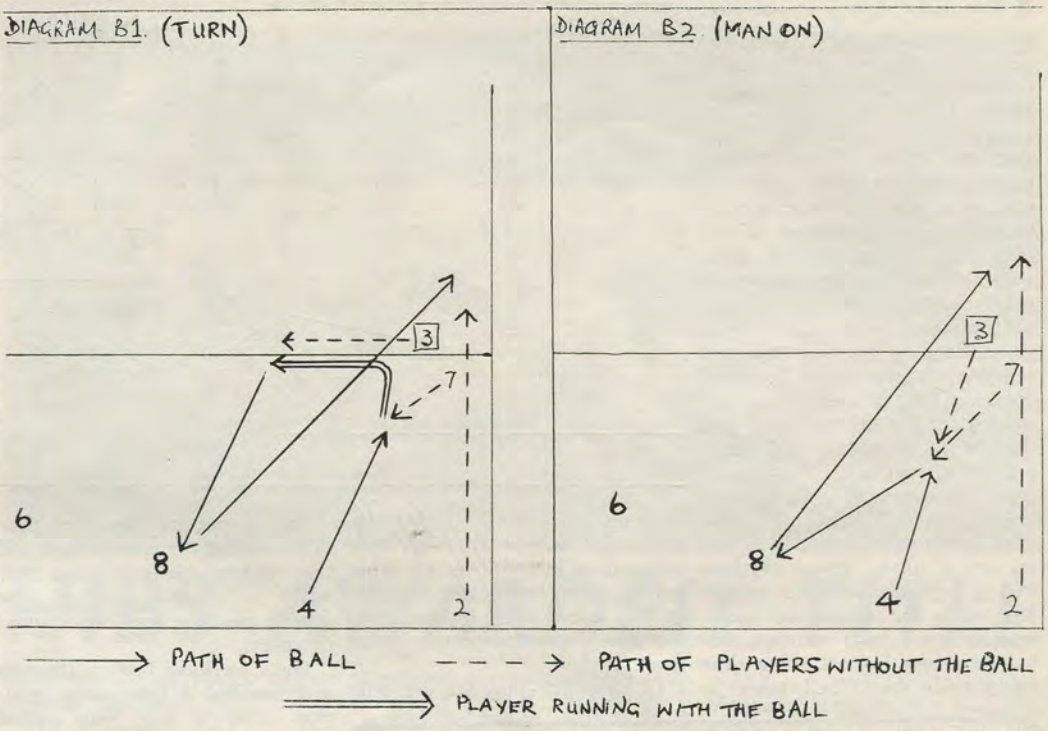
In B2 we see what happens when the enemy left-back is tempted forward, choosing to mark man rather than space. The winger races to meet the ball, drawing the left-back out of position and plays the ball (first time) back to a midfield colleague. From there the ball is once more "put on" to our right-back, who once more is already on his way. Again the right-back has "overlapped" his winger and broken through.

Both these moves, B1 and B2, I regard as variations on the same theme, involving as they do three players. There is another involving only two (initially) and this is the commonly seen "overlap" demonstrated by many full-backs when the winger in front of them has been given time to "turn". Unfortunately the vast majority are what I call Grade III overlaps for the back receives only a square pass which does not allow him to break through.

Anyone can set up this simple move by giving the ball to the winger in a position where he can control the ball and face his immediate opponent. The full-back in this case is likely to position slightly inside (barring the direct approach to goal) and inviting the winger to attempt to beat him on the outside. When the average winger tries to do this, the full-back very often succeeds in making a successful sliding tackle, either blocking the ball or turning it into touch.

Because the full-back is positioning slightly inside, he is also inviting the winger to push the ball down the touchline. If there isn't enough room to do this, then a feint to move inside will usually bring the back over a little more and make room, so that the winger can quickly push the ball down the line. This is what the "overlapping" full-back has been waiting for—an invitation to sprint down the line and break through as in C1. This is what I regard as a Grade I overlap, for the enemy back has been left behind the play.

In diagram C2 we have a Grade II overlap—not as good as Grade I because the ball is travelling out and away from goal, and in diagram C3 we have a Grade III overlap—the square pass already referred to. Grade I overlaps leave the enemy back



quite helpless and stranded, whereas with Grade II and Grade III overlaps, the back could recover and simply move over to challenge the attacking full-back who is now in possession.

Until now we have not considered the possibility of an enemy defender moving across behind his left-back to cut off the pass which we hope will send our full-back racing deep into enemy territory. I did not do so deliberately until I had introduced Grade II and Grade III overlaps.

Only if there is no one moving to cover will a Grade I overlap be possible. If the libero or defensive left-half (known as left centre-back) is moving across then in the moves outlined in diagrams B1 and B2, we can only give the ball to the right-back's feet. We cannot put him away for the pass would be intercepted. The move described in C1 will also be impossible and we must then be content with a Grade II or Grade III overlap.

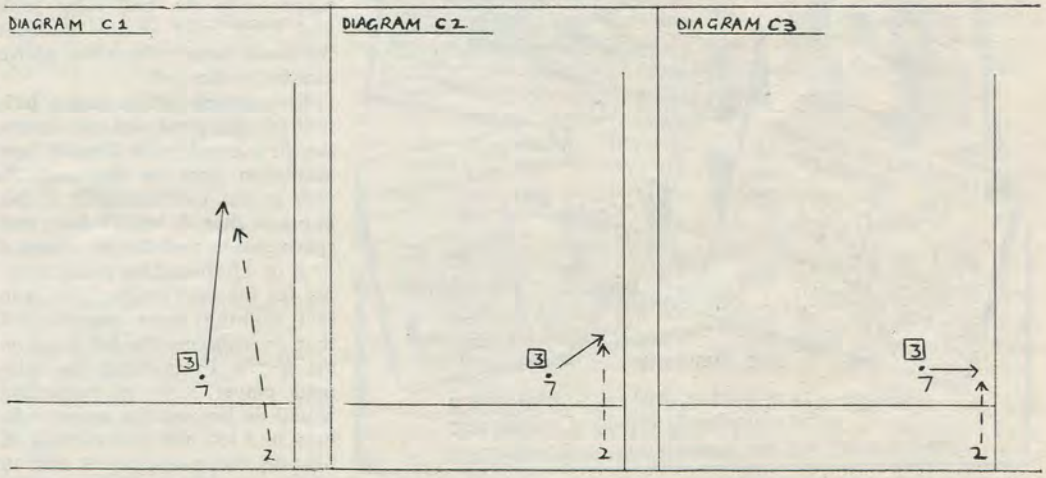
A covering defender reduces everything already described to the status of (at best) a Grade II overlap. For this reason we must ask the right-winger in every case to follow up the basic moves outlined ... by running outside across the back of his right-back colleague (now in possession) to take a second *overlapping pass.*

Let us take as an example the move outlined in diagram B2. As our right-back races forward to collect his pass, the enemy 6 is moving out to challenge. The enemy left-back is meanwhile sprinting back to cover (aiming in the orthodox fashion for his penalty spot) and momentarily forgetting "his" right-winger.

In diagram DI I have outlined what I have called a "double overlap" and there is no valid reason why we cannot go on to make trebles! As 2 overlaps his right-winger (7) and receives the ball, 7 now races across behind his colleague to position himself for a second overlap. When 2 has played the ball forward for the second overlap he in his turn once more sprints to overlap 7 for the second time ... and so on right down the line.

What we have been aiming for in all these moves is to put a player (any player) "IN" behind the enemy defenders. We want to reach a position as close as possible to the enemy goal-line going in towards the near post. This was the position reached by Stanley Matthews in the 1953 FA Cup Final ... when he pulled the back away from goal and laid the ball right in the path of Bill Perry, the Blackpool outside-left. On that occasion, Perry hit the ball first time to score Blackpool's winning goal.

● *Continued overleaf*



● *Continued from previous page*

Unfortunately there have been very few wingers with the ability of Matthews and today I don't know of any winger (except perhaps Hungary's Ferenc Bene) with the ability to get through alone. It is for this reason that we must organise our attacks, hunting in pairs (7 and 2) and with our lesser ability using overlaps and double-overlaps to get through.

Once there we finish our move as outlined in diagram D2 with our central spearheads 9 and 10 crossing over in a scissors, each aiming for the far post to attract the enemy defenders (and create a shooting space) *in the area they are vacating!*

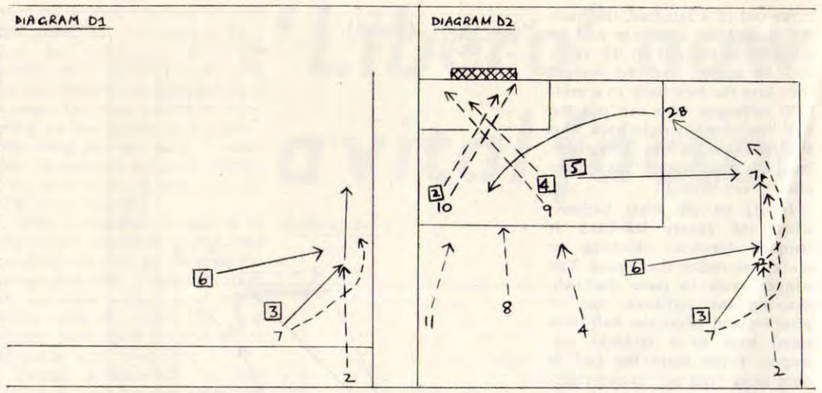


Diagram D2 probably looks very complicated but it is in fact no more than three overlaps strung together, together with a scissors by the two central spearheads. Here I may mention that not long ago I spent some time watching a basketball team in training (incidentally an English basketball team). Although they referred to their moves by other names they were exact replicas of the overlap in football and the scissors by the central spearheads!

In approach play we are only trying to put an unmarked man "IN" behind the enemy back and then making the same move over again (a double overlap) also getting past the man who comes to cover.

Once we have broken through and reached a favourable position close to goal our central spearheads break away, each aiming for the far post. Their movement should attract the defenders marking them and anyone else who has managed to get back and be "free" behind the line of defenders, and this in turn creates space in a shooting position which is where our midfield players who were not needed for the preliminaries should be making for.

Thus in the moves described above we find the right-winger creating space for his right-back to go in, and then backing up his colleague for a double and a treble. Having got in behind the defensive wall 9 and 10 create more space and up comes 4 or 8 (and/or 11 and 3 the way Inter Milan play it) looking for the shot!

Knowing that the cynics will decry the moves outlined above as "too rigid" and "predictable" let me add that nothing is fixed or rigid. At every second the player with the ball must look and think, and at any moment the basic pattern described above can be broken off.

For example, if the enemy left-half is very good and anticipates the first overlap he "could" get across in time to intercept 7's pass to the overlapping 2. If this happens then 6 MUST have left space inside and this is where 4 or 8 or 11 should be going looking for the pass inside. This is in fact nothing more complicated than *overlapping the full-back on the inside*. From there the midfield player now in possession would be beyond the enemy left-back and left-half and moving on towards the goal-line. 9 and 10 can once more produce their scissors and the ball can be pulled back as before to a colleague coming into space looking for the chance to shoot.

Again, assuming that 2 or 7 have got in close to the goal-line OR that a midfield player overlapping on the inside has got in there is still nothing rigid or fixed about the final pass. The basic rule demands that the player with the ball should *look* and *think*. If the defenders have not moved to cover the scissoring spearheads then one or both should be free in a shooting position close to goal. In that event the ball should go to the free player, whoever he is, whatever his number.

This has always been, and still is, the art of the game: to retain possession to create space and to give the ball to the feet of unmarked men.

In these planned attacking moves I have knowingly committed seven men to attack, and remembering that we use our left-back for overlapping runs too, we must be prepared to commit up to eight men in attack. This I am convinced is the only answer to the reinforced defence set up by the modern game.

If the game as a whole is to overcome the stranglehold of the modern defence it must be prepared to defend and counter-attack. There is an old football adage that *if we have the ball we are the attacking team, and if they have the ball we are the defending team*. Everything hinges on possession, but we must be prepared to throw everything into attack as well as to withdraw everyone into defence. And if our move breaks down (as many will) it must be heads down and run, run, run back to cover our goal and start all over again when we have the ball once more.

Hibernians F.C., champions of Malta. Left to right back row, J. Privitera (capt.), A. Attard, E. Theobald, L. Theobald, S. Gatt, F. Mallia, E. Caruana, L. Borg. Front row left to right: A. Mizzi, J. Debono, F. Xerri, V. Cassar, A. Delia, F. Mifsud, N. Buckle, L. Young. (Godfrey Mallia.)

HIBS AWARDED TITLE

MALTESE NEWS by ARTHUR J. LEAVER

INSTEAD of the much expected decider, the First Division league championship in Malta came to an abrupt end when voting took place at the MFA Council's HQ in Valletta. As a result of voting cast secretly, the Hibernians of Paola were awarded the league championship when they were given full points for a match which they had only drawn by 0-0.

The protest which the Hibernians won was based on the fact that Hamrun had made use of a player who had been suspended by another amateur football body (MAFA) which is also affiliated to the MFA.

As a result, the name of the Hibernians will now go into the list of eligible teams to take part in next year's European Cup of Champions. It is, however, not the first time that the Hibernians have taken part in a European Cup Championship as some years back they have played in the first round of the European Cup when they lost by 4-0 in Spain and 2-1 in Malta, against Atletico Madrid.

The Hibernians are a young virile side whose power lies mostly in defensive football alternated with quick spasmodic frontal attacks. They have a number of players who have international experience and three of them, the Theobald brothers and goalkeeper Mizzi, have often played in European soccer.

The outgoing champions, Sliema Wanderers, are naturally disappointed at the way this Championship has been decided because they feel they have been deprived of the wonderful opportunity of winning the league championship for four years running. It will be recalled that Sliema's slender chance of winning the Championship was based on the possibility of the Hibs either losing or drawing in their last match of the season against Hamrun—and in fact a draw resulted—and that Sliema had to beat their last two rivals, St. Georges and Floriana! Indeed the Wanderers were able to make a come-back and they thus reached the points which had been obtained by the Hibernians and then a decider was to be played. However, as stated above, the decider has not taken place and the sensational MFA decision has given the League Championship to the Hibernians. It is understood that we have not heard the last of this episode as we learn that now Hamrun, too, are making a counter protest which might very well end in an appeal being launched at FIFA level.

In the interest of the game in Malta it was, however, pleasant to see a new club figure in the honours list. The Hibernians over the past years were hammering at the gates of success but somehow they could not realise their cherished hopes. This year, at least, luck has favoured them because they have finally been proclaimed League Champions.

As a final comment it is well to note that the Wanderers have been strangely unlucky this year

● *Continued on page 25*

Czechs' visit does good

ALAN SEFTON in New Zealand

IF that 12-1 lesson in soccer handed out to Auckland by the Czech side Sparta Prague was supposed to knock the bottom out of football here the whole thing has backfired.

In fact, if Sparta ever set foot in this country again they will probably be made an honorary member of the Auckland Football Association for services rendered.

The wonderful display Sparta turned on only served to drive home to New Zealanders just how far we are behind the main soccer stream, that we are still just a football backwash.

The defeat, taken the wrong way, could have set us back years. But, as it turns out, it could lead to a long overdue improvement in everything required to produce good football sides.

Administrators are now painfully aware that the team on the field is the thing that counts, that the only way we will make progress is through coaching and more coaching.

The fact that the Auckland Under-23 side held Sparta to 5-0 after being down by only an own goal at the interval was the straw that most people clung to. It offered some hope for the future.

True, Sparta really turned on the heat in the second game against the full Auckland side, that it was a much more accomplished and purposeful outfit on the second appearance.

But the way the Under-23s, many of them having their first outing against opposition of any real class, stuck to the task of shackling a highly mobile attack with forwards back in defence helping out and defenders moving up into the attack when the opportunity presented itself, could have had something to do with the Czechs' ordinary showing.

If the youngsters couldn't match Sparta for skill they at least stayed the pace for much of the match and were still fighting at the end despite the fact that they were playing out of season with only a couple of weeks' real preparation.

New Zealand administration is often found lacking when it comes to planning ahead. Auckland officials, however, seem to have learned a few lessons from the January debacle.

They are now pushing for more coaching at club and representative level. They now realise that results like the 2-1 loss to Slovan Bratislava last year were out of proportion to our true ability. We were due for a rude awakening and we got one. Now they are out to do something constructive about it.

The material is definitely here. National coach Lou Brocic has recognised this. Former England and Chelsea player Ken Armstrong has been fighting a lone battle to nurture this talent for years. Now Hungarian Juan Schwanner—a highly qualified coach from South America and Europe—has arrived on the scene to help stop this talent going to waste. He, too, feels New Zealand has the raw material. Maybe between the three of them—with the help of some of the old British professionals around the country—they can shorten the gap between our playing standard and the quality stuff produced by touring teams such as Sparta Prague.

They will now get the full co-operation of officialdom. We can thank the Czechs for that and we can thank the Czechs for uncovering an outlet to the sea of true progress from the backwash that we were unwittingly content to splash about in.

English Review by Leslie Page

Many factors for crowd improvement

WHEN it was announced in February that soccer crowds showed an increase over a similar period last year, League Secretary, Alan Hardaker, made so bold as to say that these early figures should not influence our thinking too much. Mr. Hardaker was obviously entitled to his own views in the matter, but a great many football followers were of the opinion that England's World Cup victory had done much for the national watchers' union, despite the continued onslaught by those who attempt to decry anything that is achieved in the United Kingdom.

A moderate winter was another important factor which put more people on the terraces, much greater interest in the League Cup and a Third Round FA Cup draw which matched "giants" with "minnows" in just the proportions to ensure raving local support for those who only see mass audiences when the opposition is especially attractive with the added spice that there is always the possibility of an upset.

Certainly there was no lack of form-knocking in both the League Cup and the FA Cup and it all went to show that the little spot of publicity for the game last July, plus attractive pairings in knock-out competitions, is just the thing to bring audiences back to our football arenas.

Serious

Those who were brought back to soccer watching for one reason or another discovered that the game had changed considerably, even though very serious minded people close to football still continue to contest this fact. The "all for one and one for all" style of play is now favoured by big and small alike and if an up and coming full-back does not show aggressive attacking tendencies then he is hardly likely to appeal to a club manager in this modern world. Similarly, the player who insists upon playing in one particular position is very much frowned upon and it is not much use of looking at team line-ups and muttering under the breath something to the effect that a particular individual was a winger the last time you saw him play.

Regale

Likely as not, he is now a wing-half (defensive) or an inside-forward (attacking) and those who continue to regale us with the information that numbers do not matter have, by and large, sold the idea up and down the land. The Ramsey idea of skilful and useful players as opposed to brilliantly individualistic personalities, has rubbed off on very many club managers who, these days, seek out the strong runners and start the ball rolling by expecting these men to build up their physique and improve ball control in order that the switch from attack to defence can be made in a matter of seconds.

Some clubs still do not feel able to adopt policies of this kind and from time to time we all see players who restore our faith in strictly "positional" wingers. The case is probably best explained by saying that those who employ a traditional wingman are lucky to have such a find on the staff and there is no reason why he should not be used in a time honoured fashion. For other clubs where talent is somewhat limited, the "rat-pack" policy is by no means a limiting factor when it comes to providing either goals, points or entertainment.

Commit

The essential ingredient to all this is the right type of player and this is a subject which no manager, trainer or scout is likely to commit himself about. There is no "right" type, although there is very definitely a wrong type. A young man wanting to find success on the soccer field in the latter half of this century, has to be prepared to devote himself wholeheartedly to bringing victory to his employers because there is no longer any easy position from which one can stand back and let the other fellow get along with the hard work.

For the individualist who says after a game that he waited all afternoon for a decent pass, the answer these days is if they will not let you have the ball and you can't get into the game, the only thing to do is to fetch it for yourself. The number of match reporters who still live in the past and write off certain men as being badly done by because team-mates have failed to collaborate, miss the entire point of the afternoon's exercise.

Players and, to some extent, managers are still the "pawns" of club and terraces and with every move spotlighted there is little room to hide away and wait for the luck to turn. Unless very positive action is taken in the majority of cases disaster has overtaken a misfortunate before he has a moment to lace his boots or shout an unofficial instruction from the touchline.

Die cast

This is the time of the season when the die is well and truly cast for a great many clubs. The safe ones in the middle of their respective sections are able to introduce new young players and play the entire proceedings with an air of resigned detachment. It does not necessarily make for blood boiling amusement, but why should reputations be thrown away just because you, the spectator, are crying out for entertainment? Managers and players are thinking about their jobs for next season and an air of self preservation abounds.

A notable exception to this attitude has been seen in Division II over the past six or seven weeks where, at one time, 11 clubs all stood a chance of promotion before the gap widened and the front runners made their impact on the situation. Those able to last the course are always in the strongest position, but rarely has there been such a season when so many chairmen were getting ready to make promotion to Division I speeches to the happy mob of people who have tumbled across the playing area to stand in august silence while there are rounds of applause for the club captain, friendly waves for the manager and a heart-warming feeling for the directors who have been such jolly good fellows.

English international centre-forward, Johnny Byrne pictured here in the colours of his former club West Ham. Byrne will be hoping that he can help his new colleagues at Crystal Palace into the First Division as we near the end of the season. (McLennan.)

Sad that these scenes are all too rare and can only be but pipe-dreams for so many. A small staff, little money and not a lot in the way of memories to garner is the more likely anxious lot of those who have little to show for a season's effort. The money situation with these clubs gets no better and yet so many struggle on. Yet, if there are moves afoot to close a club there can be uproar either about the act itself or the manner of the passing. Whilst the situation was more complicated than that simple statement, the saga of the Queen's Park Rangers take-over at Griffin Park which initially signalled the end of Brentford, moved into several other phases so that, in the end, there was statement and counter-statement to the point where the matter became scheduled for official investigation.

Brightly

For Brentford players and supporters, the misery lingered on. For Rangers the world shone brightly. They became the first Third Division team to play in a Wembley final when they met West Bromwich Albion, the holders, on March 4 in the Final of the League Cup. In addition to this honour, it appeared as sure as anything can be in the game of football that the club would gain promotion to Division II at the end of the campaign.

Under the guiding hand of Alec Stock, Rangers have had the mark of better things upon them for the past two or three seasons. Combining a most satisfactory array of young talent and experienced grafters, Stock has produced a team which constantly looked extremely good at Loftus Road and played with purpose and intent away from home.

West Bromwich, their Wembley opposition, were a very different kettle of fish in that they were the holders of the trophy after last season's two-legged ultimate dispute and as such were one of the English League teams in the Inter-Cities Fairs' Cup along with Burnley and Leeds United. The Division I position of WBA was far from healthy at the time they kicked off in the League Cup Final, and waiting to settle the second leg of their Third Round Fairs' Cup game. Albion's record in Cup games has been quite remarkable over the past two seasons and a minute analysis might well reveal some vital fact about League clubs which we have, until now, overlooked, yet QPR won well 3-2.

A magnificent effort by Manchester United's Denis Law (right) as he beats Norwich centre-half Laurie Brown in the air. Commenting on his team's general performance Denis Law was reported to have said to a Norwich player after the match, "I wish I'd been on your side today." (A.)

Ugly scenes

Burnley's Third Round Fairs' Cup second-leg match in Naples produced ugly scenes after a goalless draw had given Burnley the tie 3-0 on aggregate. Players were attacked, the English side accused of all manners of strange actions which added up to yet another thoroughly bad exhibition of Italian sportsmanship, or, perhaps, lack of it. Outbreaks of this kind put back all thoughts of further integration with Europe on the scale suggested some years ago, until Latin fanatics can be calmed and taught a new way of life if this is at all possible. Men of the stature of Sir Stanley Rous must be angered and saddened by these gross acts of violence.

Lest I be brought to book, let me add that Millwall were made to post "warning" notices round the ground and repeat the message in the team programme for one month after the disgusting scenes at the Den when Millwall lost their long-standing home run record to Plymouth Argyle. So-called "fans" attacked Plymouth's team coach, broke windows and caused other damage which Millwall's directors greatly regretted. Incidents along these lines do the game no good at all. I suppose we should not over-elaborate when it is well known a great deal is being done to eradicate this evil.

Liverpool managed to exert just enough majestic charm to stay close to further Championship honours and moved into the Fifth Round of the FA Cup. Manchester United went all out for the League after a sub-standard performance in Round 4 of the FA Cup against Norwich City. United were beaten at home for the first time this season and only for the third time in three seasons. The shock of their departure to Matt Busby can well be imagined. The affair revived memories of United's defeat at Carrow Road in 1959 when Norwich went on to the semi-finals. Maybe, not unexpectedly, the East Anglian team's Division II situation was far from rosy and the Old Trafford affair became yet another strange incident in FA Cup soccer.

Delicate

Nottingham Forest and Spurs were both delicately placed in both League and FA Cup with Spurs taking on Division II opposition in three successive Cup rounds. Leeds United had much to hope for on three fronts, Stoke were consistent and Chelsea slipped slowly from favour on a number of counts. It looked as if another season would go by without a major prize for them. Leicester, out of the FA Cup, could hardly hope for League consolation. West Ham, swept out of the FA Cup by Swindon, hit hard by West Bromwich in the League Cup semi-finals, parted with Johnny Byrne, who returned to his old club, Crystal Palace, for around two-thirds of the price West Ham paid for his services in 1962. Ron Greenwood, realising nothing would come the club's way this term, was bent on replanning.

Blackpool, by the end of February, had won but one game at home all season and looked destined for Division II. Ron Suart, the manager, was dismissed, along with his assistant, Eric Hayward, and a name from the past, Stan Mortensen, reappeared to take over the task of saving the club in around a dozen games. Mortensen, after playing 26 times for England, dropped out of soccer in 1958, says he would not have returned if it were not Blackpool that needed him and there was obviously a lot of sentiment attached to the appointment of a man out of touch for so long.

Covering

Coventry felt they were duly bound for Division I, Wolves had a similar feeling, but with but a few points covering the top ten, it remained a last ditch battle for the Division II men. Jack Marshall, Blackburn Rovers' manager, departed, although the club were still in with a promotion chance.

If Queen's Park Rangers had Division III sewn up, contenders for the additional forward berth were still Watford, Bristol Rovers and Mansfield. Stockport County, once almost out for the count, looked safe enough to rise with the other three places in Division IV wide open.

Inter-Milan march on but is the . . .

'Machine' Cracking Up?

Feature by ROGER MACDONALD

SO there is to be no new reign for Real. The European champions were dethroned last month in front of their own subjects at Madrid. They were beaten, dramatically and decisively, by a machine from Internazionale Milan, whom no one can now prevent winning their third European Cup. Soccer is said to be unpredictable, but Inter, with their ruthless, relentless tactical system, have reduced uncertainty to complete insignificance.

Yet when Inter win the final at Lisbon in May, their great team may dissolve at the very height of its success. Their manager, Helenio Herrera, has been offered a contract by Real Madrid. As part of a package deal, Luis Suarez, so long a thorn in their side, may return to Spain in Real's colours. Jair, whom Herrera left out of the team at Chamartin, wants to return to Brazil. Four of the defenders, Sarti, Burgnich, Guarneri and Picchi, are past their best, and must soon give way to younger men.

Why should Herrera leave Italy, at a time when his patient nurturing of youth is about to come to fruition? Partly because his success has become so familiar that it breeds contempt. His directors, his supporters, the Italian press all expect Internazionale to win the Italian Championship, the European Cup, and the Inter-Continental Cup. "Half the satisfaction," Herrera told me, "is in achieving something new, something unexpected. Sometimes I feel that Inter can do no more. Staying at the top is much harder than getting there — and much less rewarding."

Of course, there are other reasons, other motives. Income tax, while not as crippling as in England, makes large inroads on an income as immense as Herrera's. However much Inter increase his salary, they will not beat the tax system. Herrera is not a man to save his sixpences, nor is he content with his present wealth. "If I achieve more, I want more," he said. "I am not so rich that I can spend money with complete indifference. If I were, then I would probably work for nothing with some struggling club."

Spain, with its lower taxes and generous expense allowances, offers Herrera much more in terms of real money. In fact, Real could pay Herrera far less than his present salary and still leave him with a vastly superior income. And they are prepared, I understand, to include a "signing-on fee" that "would be more than Herrera would receive after tax in Italy over a period of seven years".

Money alone might not tempt Herrera. But the comparative serenity at Madrid contrasts strongly with an internal power struggle in Milan. Angelo Moratti, Inter's president, wants to give up the job in order to devote more time to his oil business. He has tried, unsuccessfully, to gain the board's support for his plan to nominate his wife as his successor. Instead there is a struggle for the spoils, with the club's leading administrator, Italo Allodi, acting as an *eminence grise* behind the scenes. Allodi, it is widely rumoured, has been at odds with Herrera in recent months over the questions of players' salaries (too big) and transfers (too few). His influence, one can be sure, will not produce a new president to Herrera's liking.

COMMIT

If Herrera joins Real—"I am always prepared to consider serious offers from so famous a club" was as far as he would commit himself—it would not result in Munoz's departure. Munoz, former captain of the club, is to be offered the job of "technical director" previously held by Emil Oesterreicher. This would include a say in the buying and selling of players, the organisation of youth teams, and personal relations between the players and the board—all points in which Munoz is especially strong. Herrera would be left to decide coaching, tactics and the composition of the team—just sufficient autonomy, one feels, for him to accept.

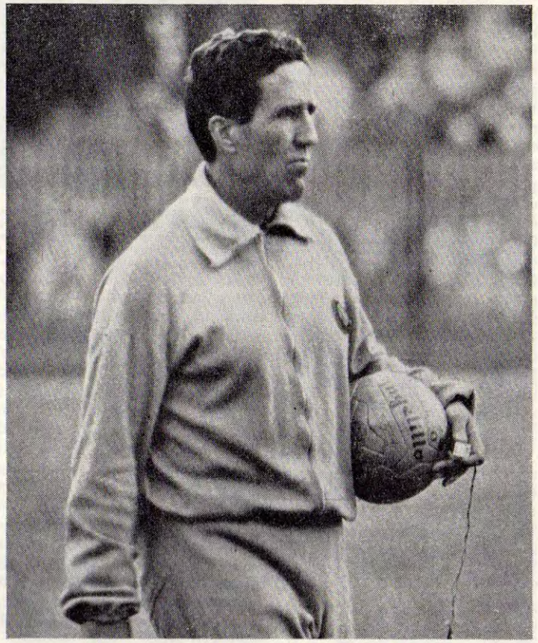
In terms of results, Munoz must be regarded as a failure. He inherited an ageing team that produced one final, fabulous effort to win the 1960 European Cup. He created a new, inexperienced team which recaptured the trophy in 1966 more by the lapses of their opponents than their own intrinsic merit. The emphatic defeats by Penarol, in the Inter-Continental Cup, and now by Inter-Milan, have placed their ability in its proper perspective.

Defeat, too, aggravates a serious financial situation at Madrid. Real over-reached themselves in starting a project for a new sports city. It has drained their reserves, leaving them with little money to buy players; and overheads are so high that even victory in the European Cup brought them but a small profit, on a turnover in excess of £1 million. Their loss in revenue this season, from two European semi-final ties and the final, is unlikely to be less than £200,000.

Real cannot buy themselves out of trouble in terms of, say, Law and Pelé, even if they were for sale. The Spanish FA has discouraged the signing of foreign players, and fees have in any case become inflated beyond their resources. But Suarez might accompany Herrera back to Spain: he would certainly be reluctant to stay at Inter under a different manager. "I would like to end my career in Spain," Suarez told me after the match at Madrid. "I still feel some sort of responsibility for our failure in the World Cup. If I, and the other Spaniards in Italy, had been playing at home and been available for practices, we could have done so much better. I would certainly have no objections to playing for Real Madrid."

Inter's secret weapon in the tie with Real was Renato Cappellini, 23, recalled from Genoa at the start of the season. Herrera had originally intended to use Vinicio (see World Diary), but he proved too slow—mentally as well as physically — to fit into Inter's team. Cappellini had gone to Genoa on loan as part of a deal to sign the Spaniard, Peiro, so it was appropriate that he should return to fill his place.

Cappellini, impudent without malice, has an endearing personality that seems destined to make him the darling of every female *afficionado* in Milan. "When Inter transferred me to Genoa, saying it was to give me first team experience, I regarded it as the kiss of death," he told me. "After all, the really outstanding discoveries, like Giacinto (Facchetti), are never risked on such experiments. Their new trainer may teach them bad tactics, they may be kicked out of football, or anything. I reckoned it was Inter's way of saying I wasn't good enough for them yet, that it was up to me to prove myself. So I got stuck in at Genoa, scored a few good goals, and they brought me back. One thing I learned there, to take care of myself. The Genoese defence isn't particular how it stops the opposition. If there's any retaliation, more often than not we get most of it where the referee can't see, in the opposition's penalty area.



Inter-Milan team manager Helenio Herrera. But for how long will he remain in this post? (O.)

"But don't think I'm not grateful to Signor Herrera. He has made me into a first team player. When I was 16, I remember my shooting from any real distance was very poor: he made me practise until my legs almost dropped off, but it worked. And when I fell ill—I was pretty bad, and didn't play much football for two years—he made the club keep me on, when most teams would have given up much hope of my future. Herrera, too, has given me the confidence I needed. The main point about the goals I have scored is that I was sure of my shot. When I aimed for a corner, the ball went there; when I jumped for a header, I connected perfectly. That's rare, with a raw player like me; but it comes from Herrera, who concentrates on making us cool at the right moment."

HEADER

It was Cappellini who scored Inter's only goal of the first tie at San Siro, a close-range header from a free-kick, at a time when Real seemed capable of playing out a goalless draw. And it was Cappellini who scored Inter's first goal in Madrid, effectively settling the tie. Facchetti sprinted down the left wing in a sudden counter-attack, won a fortunate corner off a Spanish defender, and took the kick himself. Araquistain, who up to this point had not touched the ball in anger, dropped his centre. There was a wild scramble in front of goal, and Inter were given a free-kick just outside the penalty area. Domenghini's shot evaded Real's rather inadequate wall, and bounced off Araquistain's chest; Cappellini ran in and rammed the ball into the unguarded net with great deliberation.

"At that point I was sure we had won," recalled Herrera afterwards. "I felt before that the tie might go to a play-off, as our form at San Siro was not particularly good. The trouble there, I think, was our inability to make a real impression on a team playing for a draw. We have been held at home several times by inferior teams, because our breakaway tactics do not work as effectively against massed defences. There is no satisfactory solution, without weakening our own defence; we must just persevere and concentrate on increasing the speed and decisiveness of our attacks.

"Yes, I do think we play with greater confidence away from home: this is natural, because we are winning away matches much more easily. In these, usually our opponents must come at us, must extend their defences, and this is when they are most vulnerable. Real might have survived if they had used similar tactics in the first leg, waiting and hoping for a break. But what coach could tell his team *not* to attack at home? If he failed, he wouldn't last a day. Even a draw would have been enough for us at San Siro. But our goal lead meant that Real had to attack, so it was, as I said before the match, a proper advantage, not a paper one.

"I am quite sure we will win the European Cup. The only team, apart from Real, that gives me any concern are Celtic. They are very fast, very robust, and quite ruthless when their opponents make a mistake. But I doubt whether they would beat us in the final at Lisbon. After all, we would need only one goal to win. Their only hope, as I see it, would be to play us at home first in the semi-final, and make us score twice or more to win on aggregate. That is still our only weakness, beating a team wholly committed to defence. That is why we were so extraordinarily fortunate to beat Liverpool two years ago, after they beat us 3-1 in the first game."

EAGER

Santiago Bernabeu, Real's president, thought that his players were "too young. They lacked experience and calmness. If anything, they were too eager, expending unnecessary energy, missing their chances through over-anxiousness. But we have the championship in our pockets, and we will come back to win the Cup next year."

Raimondo Saporta, treasurer turned vice-president, pointed out that Real were unlucky with injuries. "De Felipe was hurt against Las Palmas, and could not play; I doubt whether we would have risked Gento in any other match, as an injury he received in training slowed him down. You must admit, as Corso was fit to play for Inter in the second leg, the injuries to our players were especially unfortunate."

De Felipe's injury—he has a fractured nose — emphasised Real's inadequate reserve strength. For Munoz brought in Zunzunegi, 22, transferred in July 1965 from Celta of Vigo. Zunzunegi has been on national service continuously since this date, marching around the Spanish Sahara. Two appearances in the League, against Zaragoza and Las Palmas, were scarcely sufficient preparation for a critical European Cup-tie.

In the final analysis, Real have still to recover from the loss of Di Stefano, a player of such greatness, such awe-inspiring influence, that his departure left a huge void still unfilled after several years. In a sense, Munoz has built a team that could be formidable with Di Stefano as captain, but is ordinary without him. Inter's strength lies in their abundance of talent, their ability to overcome the absence or decline of even Corso and Suarez. And at Chamartin they profited from Suarez's sudden revival, culminating in a brilliant second goal. Suarez saw that Real expected a pass from midfield, outran one defender, beat two more with a marvellous feint and sudden change of direction, then let fly at the far corner. Araquistain, diving late, saw his slim chance of saving the shot vanish when the ball struck Zoco and squeezed between his hand and the post.

The 125,000 crowd, silent after the first goal, became unsympathetic after the second. A chicken. live and fluttering, had already taken roost deep in the Inter's defences, quite unconcerned with the complexity of movement. It was as though it sensed, like the man at the wrong end of a shooting gallery patronised by incompetent marksmen, that this was the safest part of the ground.

Then, in the second half, a young man ran on to the field with a red and yellow cape, and made a series of bullfighting passes at the stupefied referee, Mr. Dienst, before the police took him away. "Ole!" shouted the crowd, but in fact the bull, impotent and humiliated by its Italian master, was called Real Madrid.

International Post-Mortem

● *Continued from page 5*

playing confidently. Two changes, because of injury, had been made for the previous match against Venezuela—Sarnari for Alfredo Rojas as twin-striker with Artime, and Carone for Mas on the left wing. Mas returned for the match against Chile but Sarnari kept his place—and scored both goals in Argentina's two-nil win, but the second goal did not come until the last minute.

Uruguay, with Urruzmendi in scoring mood, accounted for Paraguay (2-0) and the stage was set for a grand finale. But first the "also rans" had to finish their course. With nothing at stake it was not surprising that the attendance was poor to watch Bolivia extract their sole point of the Championship from a goalless match with Chile, and Paraguay gain their second win (5-3 against Venezuela). Then decks were cleared for the final match the following evening with Argentina having eight points from four matches and Uruguay seven points.

Antonio Rattin, his suspension over, returned to the Argentinian side to the exclusion of Ovejero who had made such a good showing in his first four international matches—otherwise the team was the same that had beaten Chile. Uruguay had the experienced Domingo Perez back to play one of those all-purpose, roaming games he does so well. They had a newcomer, Paz, in the defence, and Baeza (who had missed their match against Chile) back again. They were without Omar Caetano, however, but, above all, compared with the team against Chile and earlier, they had the splendid Ladislao Mazurkiewicz, back in goal. All who, in person or on television, saw Mazurkiewicz in action during the World Cup know what a superb goalkeeper he is and against Argentina in this deciding match he was in peak form. The reliable Rocha with a sharp shot from a pass by Urruzmendi scored the only goal of the match in the 67th minute —and Uruguay were the new South American Champions.

Footnote: In the Classified Results section of WORLD SOCCER January edition, we showed the result of the Republic of Ireland-Turkey match as 2-0. In fact the score was 2-1, Ogun scoring Turkey's goal in the last minute.

SHOUTING TO A GOOD END

by BRIAN SCOVELL

THE roar of the crowd dies away and above the hubbub you catch the sound of the players shouting. And I bet you will hear someone from the crowd shout: "Shut up and get on with the game, you big heads."

It happens every week. But the fans who shout down the soccer shouters are so, so wrong. Shouting and calling are as much a part of football as trapping, passing and shooting.

The better the shouter, the better the player. In fact, many managers demand this ability from their senior players, the ability to not only call but inspire the men around them, making them play harder.

One manager who is continually looking for shouters in his side is Bob Stokoe of Charlton. When he was playing himself, Stokoe could play the game for you. This is why he has come out of retirement this season to play in Charlton's reserve side ... to make his youngsters speak up for themselves on the field.

"I know the public don't like hearing it, but it's essential," he says. "You've got to have someone out there filling the players with enthusiasm.

"A player's contribution to his team is more important than anything else. If he can see something developing he can warn a colleague, or spur him on if he is missing out.

"Say one of your players is about to be tackled from behind, he doesn't know, does he? He hasn't got eyes in the back of his head. But a colleague can warn him of the danger.

"Nowadays you see players standing around like dummies sometimes. That's all wrong.

"The best shouter I ever played with was Joe Harvey, now manager of Newcastle. He always brought the best out of everyone around him.

"Danny Blanchflower was another who I would always have liked to have in my side. He was always full of enthusiasm, always calling for the ball and wanting it. There aren't a great many of them about nowadays.

"Dave Mackay, skipper of Spurs, is another. He definitely inspires people. We bought Colin Appleton for this reason but until recently he hasn't had the best of luck with injuries.

"Of course, I don't like to see players screaming at each other. You don't want to see them criticising each other too much in public. Fortunately the crowd noise deadens a lot of the worst of it!"

The average fan would be surprised how much footballers talk during a game. Some players, like Johnny Byrne, ex-West Ham and now Crystal Palace again, talk non-stop. Hence his nickname, "Budgie".

The best time to listen to a match is when there is no crowd—a game behind locked doors. The noise is deafening.

BOB STOKOE. (Green.)

I remember being at White Hart Lane once when Nottingham Forest were not doing too well against Spurs. Suddenly the roar of the crowd was stilled and above the small talk one loud, clarion voice was heard from the middle of the pitch: "Come on you stupid **** up there! For God's sake run about."

The speaker was Bobby McKinlay, the veteran Forest centre-half. Everyone laughed. McKinlay was unlucky. Usually such heart-rending appeals are heard only by the players.

Of course, some players shout too much. A bad call for the ball can ruin a chance of the ball going to a colleague who is better placed.

Other players who do talk too much are those who come up before the Disciplinary Committee for talking to the referee in words which are four letters long.

This is one time when a footballer is advised to be quiet ... for his own good.

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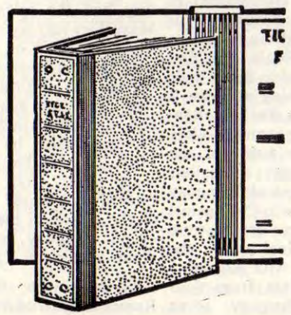

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EUROPEAN STATISTICS

CHAMPIONS' CUP

Quarter-final—First Leg

Inter-Milan 1
Cappellini (54).
Real Madrid 0
Milan. Att. 75,000. Ref. Zsolt (Hungary).

Inter: Sarti; Burgnich, Guarneri, Facchetti; Bedin, Picchi; Jair, Mazzola, Cappellini, Suarez, Domenghini.
Real: Betancort; Calpe, De Felipe, Sanchis; Pirri, Zoco; Amancio, Ruiz, Grosso, Velazquez, Gento.

Inter's youth product, 23-year-old Renato Cappellini, headed a brilliant winner, but Real—for whom Amancio hit the bar—deserve praise for their efficiency and calm in the cauldron of the San Siro stadium.

Vojvodina (Yugoslavia) 1
Stanic (68).
Glasgow Celtic 0
Novi Sad. Att. 25,000. Ref. Schiller (Austria).

Vojvodina: Pantelic; Aleksic, Radovic, Brzic, Nesticki; Dakic, Sekeres; Rakic, Radosav, Dordic, Stanic.
Celtic: Simpson; Craig, McNeill, Clark, Gemmell; Murdoch, Auld; Johnstone, Lennox, Chalmers, Hughes.

Lack of competitive football, since mid-December, and the absence of three top players handicapped the Yugoslavs, who in the circumstances did well to inflict on Celtic their first defeat in this tournament.

Linfield 2
Hamilton (40), Shields (43).
CSKA Sofia 2
Romanov 2 (1, 63).
Belfast. Att. 12,000. Ref. Oliviera (Portugal).

Linfield: Moffatt; Patterson, White; Andrews, Hatton, Leishman; Ferguson, Hamilton, Thomas, Scott, Shields.
CSKA: Filipov; Vassilev, Gaganelov; Marinshev, Stankov, Penev; Rajkov, Zanev, Romanov, Yakimov, Nikodimov.

The Irish recovered from the shock of an early goal but found the going tough in atrocious conditions and against a superbly fit Army side who should have little difficulty in clinching the tie at home.

Ajax (Amsterdam) 1
Swart (50).
Dukla Prague 1
Mraz (60).
Amsterdam. Att. 65,000. Ref. Bachramov (Russia).

Ajax: Bals; Suurbier, Pronk, Soetekouw, Van Duivenbode; Muller, Groot; Swart, Cruyff, Nuninga, Keizer.
Dukla: Viktor; Cmarada, Cadek, Novak, Taborsky; Geleta, Masopust; Strunc, Mraz, Nedorost, Zlocha.

The experienced Czech soldiers did magnificently, containing the high-scoring attack of the Dutch, who had a goal disallowed by Mr. Bachramov—famed for his "goal-decision", as a linesman, in the World Cup Final.

CUP-WINNERS' CUP

Quarter-final—First Leg

Rapid Vienna 1
Starek (47).
Bayern Munich 0
Vienna. Att. 45,000. Ref. Hannet (Belgium).

Rapid: Pichler; Gebhardt, Glechner, Fak; Hasil, Skocik; Seitl, Starek, Bjerregaard, Flögl, Knez.
Bayern: Maier; Roth, Beckenbauer, Olk; Kupferschmidt, Rigotti; Nafziger, Müller, Ohlhauser, Koulmann, Brenninger.

The hero of this exciting tussle was Germany's No. 1 goalkeeper Sepp Maier, who kept the score down with a series of amazing saves, despite a shoulder injury, though on one occasion he was aided by the woodwork.

Servette Geneva 1
Desbiolles (57).
Slavia Sofia 0
Geneva. Att. 9,000. Ref. Krnavek (Czechoslovakia).

Servette: Barlie; Maffiolo, Piguet, Pazmandy, Mocellin; Sundermann, Makay; Conti, Desbiolles, Kvicinsky, Schindelholz.
Slavia: Simeonov; Shalamanov, Petrov, Largov, Alexiev; Manolov, Christov; Lukac, Haralampiev, Vrajev, Vassilev.

Both sides played pedestrian soccer with little to enthuse the small crowd. The Swiss won deservedly, but faded in the closing stages while Slavia's centre-forward, Vrajev, missed three "sitters".

Vasas Györ 2
Stolcz (34), Szalo (44).
Standard Liege 1
Semmeling (85).
Györ. Att. 18,000. Ref. McCabe (England).

Vasas: Toth; Szaniel, Orban, Tamas; Palotai, Kiss; Stolcz, Györfi, Szalo, Somogyi, Keglovich.
Standard: Nicolay; Jeck, Spronck, Pilot, Cajou; Dewalque, Vandenberg; Semmeling, Claessen, Naumovic, Beurlet.

The Belgians displayed tremendous fighting spirit by coming back strongly after Györ's initial onslaught and rattled the hosts with a late goal from their little right-winger, Leo Semmeling.

Glasgow Rangers 2
Smith (D.) (9), Willoughby (27).
Real Zaragoza 0
Glasgow. Att. 60,000. Ref. Van Ravens (Holland).

Rangers: Martin; Johansen, McKinnon, Provan; Jardine, Greig; Henderson, Willoughby, Smith (A.), Smith (D.), Wilson.
Zaragoza: Yarza; Irusquieta, Gonzalez, Reija; Pais, Violeta; Canario, Santos, Marcelino, Villa, Lapetra

This game was played in a gale, on a sea of mud which doomed the chances of the artistic Spaniards from the start, and before they had time to settle, the Scots hit them with two goals.

Fairs Cup review

by ARTHUR ROTMIL

FAIRS CUP

Third Round

ONLY England and Italy still had maximum representation with three teams each in Round Three and altogether British clubs were concerned in five out of the eight ties played.

Scotland's Kilmarnock were the first to reach the quarter-finals by defeating La Gantoise (Belgium), 1-0 (Murray) at home and then by 2-1 (McInally, McLean; Ghellinck) after extra time, in a rough-house of a match during which the Belgians De Vos and Van der Lippe plus the Scot McFadzean were sent off by Italian referee Demarchi. Their compatriots from Dundee United failed to repeat their giant killing act—having beaten the holders Barcelona on their own ground—and only 3,000 turned up to see them in an afternoon match well beaten by Juventus 3-0 (Cinesinho 2, Leoncini).

Inevitably, this round produced the first clashes, literally, between English and Italian teams. Burnley's task was made easier by the fact that Napoli unaccountably showed lack of interest, fielding five reserves in the first leg at Turf Moor where they lost 0-3 (Coates, Latcham, Lochhead), and finished with ten men when their centre-half Panzanato was ordered off in the 35th minute of a bruising and ill-tempered battle. The return saw Napoli dominating throughout, but Burnley's goalkeeper Thomson gave a sensational display, including a penalty save from Brazilian ace, Altafini, who only three days earlier scored a *hat-trick* of penalties in a League match v. Spal Ferrara. Thus a goalless draw was enough for Burnley but the game ended in a near riot with the fanatical Naples' fans storming the pitch and six policemen were injured whilst trying to keep order. Italy's pride was partly restored, however, when Bologna, featuring four World Cup forwards, Perani, Bulgarelli, Pascutti and the German Haller, plus Danish star Nielsen, easily beat West Bromwich Albion by 3-0 (Turra, Nielsen, Haller), at home.

The Leeds v. Valencia tie was a repetition of last year's meeting in the identical round and once again after a 1-1 (Greenhoff; Claramunt) draw at Elland Road, the Yorkshire team managed to win sensationally in Spain, this time by 2-0 (Giles, Lorimer) with a great deal of luck but following a courageous rearguard action which drove the Valencia forwards and their fans into despair. The round's biggest shock was provided by Lokomotive Leipzig, who drew a 75,000 crowd and defeated Benfica by 3-1 (Jacinto o.g., Frenzel, Zerbe; José Augusto). True, the Portuguese were weakened by the absence of Costa Perreira, Germano, Cruz, Torres and Simoes, but now a supreme effort will be needed at home, to remove the tough and well drilled East Germans.

The long winter break proved too much for the 1965 winners Ferencvaros, who went down by 1-4 (Albert; Lotz, Abbe 2, Huberts) at Frankfurt to Eintracht—for whom Huberts missed a penalty—and though they won the return in Budapest by 2-1 (Rakosi, Novak pen.; Huberts), it was not enough. In the remaining tie, Dynamo Zagreb dismissed their namesakes from Pitesti, winning 1-0 (Zambata) in Rumania, followed by a goalless draw at home.

The quarter-final pairings are as follows: Lokomotiv Leipzig or Benfica v. Kilmarnock—Juventus or Dundee United v. Dynamo Zagreb—Bologna or West Bromwich Albion v. Leeds United—Eintracht Frankfurt v. Burnley. All ties to be completed by April 21.

MALTESE NEWS

● *Continued from page 19*

because besides losing the League Championship, in such an original manner, they have also lost the services of no less than *five* of their star players who have signed for either American and Australian clubs.

The players involved are Aquilina, Debono, and Cocks who have left to play for Pittsburg in the American pirate league and Cini and Spiteri have departed for Australia. Other players who have left for America are Williams (Vallettа), Camilleri (Gzira), and Micallef (Birkirkara). The bulk of these players are being recruited by ex-Sliema player-coach Hungarian, Janos Bedl, who is acting on behalf of German football promoter, Herr Schuab, who operates from Essen, Germany, and it is from here that they will leave for America.

Uruguay win America Cup

THE 22nd competition for the America Cup (in effect, the South American Nations' Cup) was duly won by Uruguay despite the presence of a full-strength Argentinian party. The absence of Brazil possibly made Uruguay's task lighter but this competition has always been contested on a league basis with each country playing the other contestants once and, unless Brazil could have swept the board for maximum points, Uruguay would still have been my favourites to win. They had what has proved to be the all-important advantage in these tournaments — they were the host country.

Report from SOUTH AMERICA

By Gordon Jeffery

The significant fact is that the host country has been the winner in 15 of the 22 Championships and, even more significant, never once have any of the "big three" of South American football, Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay, failed to win when they have been the host country! There were "close shaves" for the hosts on four occasions when they tied for the leadership and had to play deciders but each time they were the winners—in 1919 in Rio, Brazil beat Uruguay 1-0; in 1922, again in Rio, they beat Paraguay 3-1; in 1937 Argentina, in Buenos Aires, beat Brazil 2-0; and in 1949 in Rio, Brazil beat Paraguay 7-0.

Staged

The same three countries have dominated the America Cup from its beginning in 1917. Not until 1939 when the 13th Championship was staged did a fourth name appear on the list of champions—Peru and, as you probably expected, that year the tournament was held in Lima, the capital of Peru. It was, coincidentally, in Lima again that a further incision was made in the Argentina-Brazil-Uruguay monopoly. This was in the 17th competition in 1953 when there was a big entry of seven countries and a very close contest that ended with Paraguay and Brazil having eight points each, Uruguay, Chile and the host country Peru all with seven points, Bolivia three and Ecuador two.

For the second successive competition Brazil and Paraguay had to play a decider. Four years before, with the advantage of playing in Rio to give them added confidence, Brazil, as I have already mentioned, trounced Paraguay by seven goals to nil. In 1953, however, in neutral Peru, Paraguay were the winners by the odd goal in five—and put their name on the list of champions for the first, and to-date the only, time.

Two years later (1955) Chile were the hosts for the third time, but although they did better than ever before they had to be content with second place behind Argentina — they had finished third in Santiago in 1926 with the same number of points as the runners-up, Argentina, but with a poorer goal average. It was back to Lima again in 1957 for another large entry of seven countries and another fairly evenly contested competition that had four countries, including the hosts Peru, in with a good chance. Again, however, victory went to Argentina, who finished with ten points (five wins and one defeat). Brazil, Uruguay and Peru all had eight points.

Argentina, who have won the Championship more than any country, seem to have relied upon "golden periods"—between 1927 and 1937 they won all three competitions played (there was a gap of eight years between the 11th and 12th competitions). No other country have had more than two consecutive successes—and that only once by Uruguay. In 1959, however, the Argentinians repeated the run of three-in-a-row when, after their Santiago and Lima successes, they were the hosts at Buenos Aires. It was a clean thing nonetheless with Brazil, flushed with their World Cup victory in Sweden the previous year, pressing the Argentinians hard and finishing one point behind.

Variation

Bolivia were the hosts for the 1963 (the 21st) competition and they introduced a variation from what had been the pattern for all previous competitions by staging matches at both La Paz and Cochabamba. Neither venue is attractive to visiting footballers and with Brazil and Argentina both somewhat reluctant starters it was not altogether a surprise when Bolivia became the sixth country to claim the America Cup.

These Championships have played a most important part in the development of football in South America—as did elsewhere the British Home Championship, the Scandinavian Championship, the Dr. Gero Cup, and all other regional competitions between national elevens. The shrinking world, with the rapid advance in air transport since the end of the Second World War, has reduced the obvious convenience of such competitions and countries have tended to look more towards meeting opponents with a standard of play approximating to their own than to playing their neighbours simply because of convenience of travel. Generally the major footballing nations throughout the world — those with the greatest prospect of World Cup success, have shown themselves less enthusiastic, if not wholly reluctant, to continue their traditional fixtures. At the same time the more considerate, and probably the wisest, of them appreciate that the *world* growth of the game resulted from the willingness of the more developed footballing nations to act as missionaries. I think this is still true today. As Wales and N. Ireland need their regular fixtures with England and Scotland, so in South America the progress of smaller nations (in a football context—Uruguay, of course, are smaller than most in terms of size and population but larger in terms of football) is helped by the participation of the "big three" in the America Cup.

Participation

On the whole Uruguay and Argentina have been consistent in their participation. Of the 22 competitions, including the recently concluded one, Uruguay have been missing only twice—in 1925 and, disappointingly, last time in 1963. Argentina have missed only three times—in 1939, 1949 and 1953. Even Brazil, after playing in only two of seven competitions between 1924 and 1939, had missed only twice since then—in 1947 and 1955, until the recent tournament which found them still licking their World Cup wounds.

Year	*Venue*	*No. of Teams*	*Champions*	*Runners-up*	*1st App.*
1917	Montevideo	4	**Uruguay**	Argentina	
1919	Rio de Janeiro ...	4	**Brazil**	Uruguay	
1920	Valparaiso	4	**Uruguay**	Argentina	
1921	Buenos Aires ...	4	**Argentina**	Brazil	Paraguay
1922	Rio de Janeiro ...	5	**Brazil**	Paraguay	
1923	Montevideo	4	**Uruguay**	Argentina	
1924	Montevideo	4	**Uruguay**	Argentina	
1925	Buenos Aires ...	3	**Argentina**	Brazil	
1926	Santiago	5	**Uruguay**	Argentina	Bolivia
1927	Lima	4	**Argentina**	Uruguay	Peru
1929	Buenos Aires ...	4	**Argentina**	Paraguay	
1937	Buenos Aires ...	6	**Argentina**	Brazil	
1939	Lima	5	**Peru**	Uruguay	Ecuador
1942	Montevideo	7	**Uruguay**	Argentina	
1947	Guayaquil	8	**Argentina**	Paraguay	Colombia
1949	Rio de Janeiro ...	8	**Brazil**	Paraguay	
1953	Lima	7	**Paraguay**	Brazil	
1955	Santiago	6	**Argentina**	Chile	
1957	Lima	7	**Argentina**	Brazil	
1959	Buenos Aires ...	7	**Argentina**	Brazil	
1963	La Paz and Cochabamba ...	7	**Bolivia**	Paraguay	
1967	Montevideo	8	**Uruguay**	Argentina	Venezuela

Notes: In 1923 Paraguay, who have never been the host country, acted as the organising country but tournament was staged in Uruguay. In 1967 entry of eight was reduced to six for the final stages.

SECOND TABLE

Year	*Venue*	*No. of Teams*	*Champions*	*Runners-up*
1916	Buenos Aires	4	**Uruguay**	Argentina
1935	Lima	4	**Uruguay**	Argentina
1941	Santiago	5	**Argentina**	Uruguay
1945	Santiago	7	**Argentina**	Brazil
1946	Buenos Aires	6	**Argentina**	Brazil
1956	Montevideo	6	**Uruguay**	Argentina
1959	Guayaquil	5	**Uruguay**	Argentina

Satisfaction

Argentina and Uruguay, on the other hand, seem to be intent upon building upon the satisfactory foundations they displayed last July in England—it was, as I have mentioned before, their temperament and, partly, their tactics that let them down, not their football ability. Uruguay, the hosts for the first time since 1942, came happily back into the fold after their 1963 absence and finally celebrated with their first championship victory since they were last the host country. This brought their total of successes to seven. Argentina have been champions nine times, Brazil three times, and Peru, Paraguay and Bolivia once apiece.

Despite the absence of Brazil the entry this year was as high as it has ever been—eight, the same as in 1947 and 1949, but this time only six appeared in the tournament in Montevideo. (Chile against Colombia and Paraguay against Ecuador had played, home and away, qualifying matches before the tournament started with the first-named country the winners in each case.) A disappointment, as I mentioned last month in the "Post-Mortem" feature where this month I offer some comments on the final matches in the tournament, was the disinterest shown by the paying customers.

Television

High prices, even allowing that for the matches in which Uruguay were not concerned, the fans were offered "double-headers" (two matches between four countries), and even more the widespread, continental television coverage accounted for the small attendances to a large extent but, even so, the final and deciding match between Uruguay and Argentina should have packed the Centenario Stadium. Curiously although actual attendance figures have been circulated about most of the matches, only the usual rough and ready estimates—ranging from 58,000 to 70,000, have been publicised about that final match. Certainly pictures I have seen of incidents in that match show plenty of vacant seats! But not so many as the evening when Bolivia played Paraguay and Argentina played Venezuela — then that "double-header" attracted 2,116!

Venezuela were making their first appearance in the competition—and went home with the satisfaction, at least, of having gained one victory and that against the previous champions Bolivia. Venezuela beat the Bolivians by three goals to nil. What a difference the air makes—it was not until their final match that Bolivia managed to get a solitary point in a goalless match with Chile. It was not surprising that it was goalless — Bolivia failed to score in all five of their matches!

Venezuela were the tenth South American country to participate in the America Cup that began as a competition between Argentina, Brazil, Chile and Uruguay and continued to be contested by those four pioneer countries in South American football until the fourth tournament when Paraguay made their first appearance—Chile dropped out for that one but were back again, with Paraguay, the next time. Facts and figures enthusiasts may welcome a table showing the vital statistics of the championship to date including the first appearances of countries other than the founder four.

Translation

In addition to these official 22 competitions for the America Cup, there have been seven *extraordinarios* — and the literal translation that they are extra to the ordinary competition is generally correct. The first, played in 1916 between the pioneer four countries, was by way of being a kite flown to test the winds of interest. Staged in Buenos Aires, it was won by Uruguay with a point to spare over Argentina. Brazil and Chile followed precisely as they did one year later when the cup was officially introduced for competition by the South American countries. The next five extraordinary competitions were staged in the years between proper ones but the last, in 1959, was a rather curious affair when Ecuador, who had been excluded from the official competition staged at Buenos Aires in March, organised a December tournament in Guayaquil—and were able to persuade the big three and Paraguay to join themselves in a five-strong tournament. Details of the extraordinaries—the results of which do sometimes get merged with the official ones: see second table (facing page).

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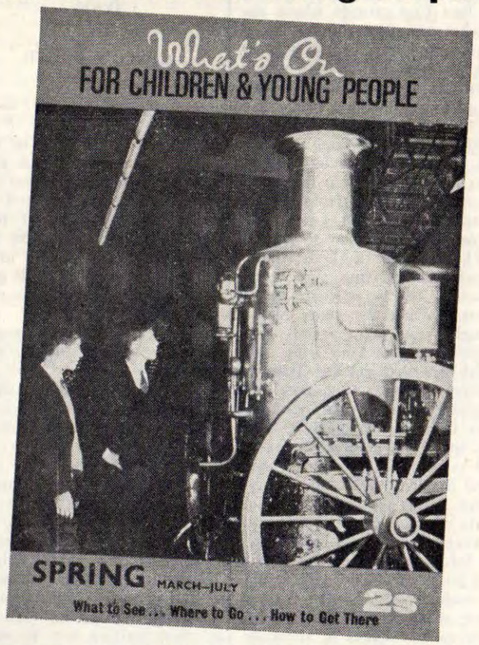

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CLIMAX OF THE AMPOL CUP

AUSTRALIAN NEWS from Andrew Dettre

WITH the league seasons starting about the middle or the end of March throughout Australia, the pre-season Ampol Cup series, run independently by the various States, was drawing to a climax at the time of writing. And, although Australian soccer is still in a spectator-slump, indications are that 1967 may be the start of a slow recovery.

Melbourne has drawn so far the best Cup crowds where the matches are played under floodlights in Olympic Park, next to that splendid indoor pool which captured the sporting world's admiration during the 1956 Olympic Games.

With one semi-final decided and one to go, Slavia are the clear favourites to win their first ever Ampol Cup from either Hungaria or Croatia. Last year's winners, the Yugoslav-sponsored JUST fell victim of Slavia which, despite their name, are Melbourne's most British-based teams. During the years Slavia brought out many established British players, including ex-Welsh international Des Palmer, former Gravesend wing-half John Sanchez, former Fulham forward John Doherty, ex-Charlton Athletic spearhead Peter Laraman as well as others such as Bill Cook, Nigel Shepherd and John Duffy.

Not being a popular club, Slavia often finds them—but fail to keep them. Every year they are forced to let some of their stars go, often for hefty fees, and the majority land up in Sydney where some clubs with licensed premises and stacks of lucrative poker machines, are happy to accommodate them. Palmer, Sanchez, Doherty, Laraman, Shepherd and Duffy all came to Sydney clubs to find local fame and fortune. Palmer and Doherty are now gone, somewhere back in Britain, but the others are still here and prospering. Still, the undaunted Slavia with excellent contacts in Britain don't let their sources go dry and once again they are expecting at least four new players from England and Scotland to bolster their team. Although I don't even know their names yet, I am willing to bet that three of the four will grace Sydney teams within two years of arrival....

Sydney's Ampol Cup, approaching the semi-final stages, drew better gates than last year and has been a fairly well balanced affair. The word "Cup" is, of course, a misnomer, as so many other things Down Under: the series, in Sydney, is run as a round-robin, with two groups of six teams and the top two in each making the semi-finals. The idea was to give clubs a longer pre-season run, guaranteeing at least five matches and safeguarding half of them from appearing only once, getting knocked out and then waiting for six weeks for the league season to begin.

At this stage in the "Cup" last year's two glamour teams, APIA and Hakoah, are not doing too well. APIA had a change in coaches when ex-Preston North End pivot Joe Marston suddenly packed his bags and left to join progressive Second Division club Western Suburbs. His successor is former Real Madrid goalkeeper Audato Iglesias.

If any outsider can cause an upset, it may be the young St. George-Budapest team, marshalled by the newly arrived David Cliss, the ex-Chelsea and England Under-23 star, once hailed as the "greatest natural talent" in English football.

Cliss, still only 25, is a brilliant schemer and equally skilled finisher and with a handful of enthusiastic and talented youngsters around him, has taken over the mantle of playmaker.

Although the Ampol Cup is the usual pre-season topic in Australia, much more excitement and controversy is generated by Sydney's new rule which stipulates that every First Division team must field at least three Australian players as from April. Australian in this context is one either born here or one who migrated here before his 18th birthday. The rule was clearly aimed at cutting down much of the useless imports, mainly from Britain, and encouraging local talent while, at the same time, improving the "brand image" of soccer among Australians.

Some clubs have fought bitterly against this rule, charging discrimination—conveniently forgetting that most countries in the world do have protective quotas. However, their arguments are neither logical nor convincing. The new rule demands the inclusion of three Australians—still allowing eight imports to be fielded in every team. And if they are as brilliant as they are made out to be, surely they can carry those three "passengers" piggy-back throughout the season.... But the sad truth is that most of our imports are very far from being brilliant and seldom above the best youngsters this country can produce.

There is no doubt that the rule is a progressive one, aimed finally at developing Australian talent and spreading the soccer gospel among the unconverted.

International incident . . . Johnny Giacometti (left), former second division Italian player with Lecco and now with APIA-Sydney and ex-Cardiff City and Wales full-back Trevor Edwards, now with Sydney Hakoah, during a heated scene in a recent league match. (A.D.I.)

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EIRE ROUND-UP by Tom Muldowney

Prelude to anti-climax

THE League of Ireland championship chase enters its final furlong and the battle for cup conquest increases in ferocity. The pressure is building up on those clubs still in the running for the double. As well as on those who depend on the cup to make up for a long lean year. A look then at those involved.

Although Dundalk won the Shield, the ticket to the Inter Cities Fairs' Cup that goes with it went to second placed St. Patricks because they were the top Dublin team. Now after leading the points parade all season Dundalk find Sligo Rovers close to heel. So close, in fact, that player-coach Alan Fox can feel the cold chill from the west of Ireland on his neck.

The "Border Buccaneers" had one tilt at European football. Championship combat brought them into conflict with Swiss winners Zurich. The Swiss scored to success in the first game to the disappointment of thousands of bedecked Oriel onlookers who teemed into Dalymount Park where the game was moved because of public interest.

Dundalk more than made amends at Zurich where they became the first representatives of the Republic to win a leg in the European Cup. The team that did Dundalk proud on that occasion was not as good as the present one. This term, starting as it were from scratch, Fox's finds have won the Shield, were runners-up in both the Dublin City Cup and Leinster Cup and are currently in the race for the spring double. Not bad going at the first attempt.

Reorganised

And it was a first attempt. The new board of directors was installed last summer. In a short time they have reorganised and revitalised both the team and the ground. Oriel Park underwent a face lift. New stands and floodlights went up before you could say Dundalk. Money was spent with only one thought: to make Dundalk the most successful team in the country. The plan has worked well. Will it be completed with league and cup victory? That depends.

On Sligo Rovers, among others. Hard to believe that a few short years ago the Rovers were voted out of senior soccer as a bad risk. At the start of the current campaign their directors wrote to every English League club looking for players. Yes; every one of the clubs in the English League received an SOS for players. The result was a forward line of full-time professionals. The crowds flocked to the Show Grounds. In rolled the points and the pounds. Up, up, up went the Rovers until they became Dundalk's nearest challengers. Then the body blow. Failure in the Cup to struggling Cork Hibernians. Will they now keep their five pros, asked the moaners. They did. And more. When Drumcondra freed Gordon Atherton Sligo signed him. Determination like that deserves to succeed.

Opening round

Limerick, losers in the past two cup finals, defeated Waterford in the opening round to commence another strong bid for the Blue Riband that has yet to cross the Shannon. Pointer to the progress made by the former Blackpool English Cup-medal holder, Ewan Fenton, since he came to the Markets Field, so long ago now, that he is regarded as a local, was the selection of Alf Finucane at right-half in the Eire team that went down to Turkey in the European Nations' Cup.

It was not the fault of the Limerick lad that the Greens lost. His play was far in front of that of his more established colleagues. And it won't be Finucane's fault if his team fails to win the big pot. Along with Fenton he helps form a fine rearguard. With new signing Joe McGrath supplying front power Limerick are better equipped for cup football than ever before. Like Dundalk, the Shannonsiders also tasted European competition. And would like a taste of more.

Local tourney

Shamrock Rovers are seldom out of the European market. Year after year they manage to win one of the local major tourneys. This term they advanced to the second round of the European Cup. Against Bayern Munich they put up a tremendous performance and were considered unlucky to lose. That was the high point of the season. They won the Dublin City Cup and face Drumcondra in the final of the President Cup. However, they lost the Shield and faded fast from the league scene. Now they must win the cup to enter Europe.

Frank O'Neill has been their match winner when they won. Nowadays they lose, often! Even at Milltown once a graveyard for visiting teams. Smyth has lost his 'keepership to young Cummins and more changes are to be expected as the old guard make way for the new. Gregg, Leech Core, Richardson and Paddy Mulligan are the names expected to pull Shamrocks back into the limelight. It's going to be a hard struggle.

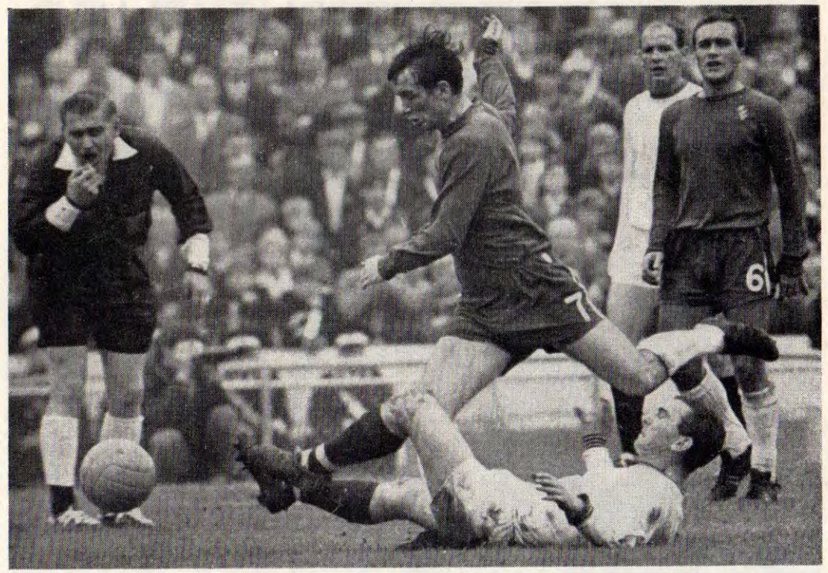
St. Patricks are the dark horses for the Cup. Gerry Doyle is making good progress at Richmond Park. Since Jack Hennessy arrived the Saints have done better in mid-field and Noel Dunne is getting a much better service. Cork Hibernians with league hopes long since lost also concentrate on the Cup. They have a real winner in Carl Davenport. This English signing is finding the net in the same manner that Morley and his men guard it.

Finally a word about Home Farm. The team that makes the stars. From Farm came the great Johnny Carey and Liam Whelan among many others. The famous Whitehall club is still in the lower grade. The door to senior soccer is locked. Well, Farm struck another blow at the upper crust. They knocked out Drumcondra in the first round of the cup and oppose the record cup winners Shamrock Rovers in the next. Even an out of form Rovers is tough opposition for a senior side. For Farm it is a challenge to be met. Victory may not merely win them the cup. It could do even more. Gain the long sought-after entry into the League of Ireland?

Believed to be the only Scotsman to have played for Eire. That's what they're calling Celtic inside-forward Charlie Gallagher who represented Eire in their European Championship match with Turkey in Ankara a few weeks' back. He was born in Scotland of Irish parents which by some strange twist of rules can qualify him for Eire! (Sp.S.)

by

BRIAN SCOVELL



As John Boyle (No. 7) says below, it is surprising these days the lack of soccer being played in the streets as young people today find other things with which to amuse themselves. Above John Boyle himself shows what football is all about as he endeavours to evade this tackle from a Burnley defender. Burnley's Andy Lochhead and Chelsea skipper Ron Harris (6) look on. (A.)

"SUPPLY IS DRYING UP!"

GEORGE SMITH, manager of Second Division Portsmouth and one of the best coaches in England, believes that the supply of talent is drying up in English football.

"Otherwise, clubs wouldn't pay fees of more than £100,000 for star players," he says. "How many players are there for whom you would pay this kind of money? Not many. It's a question of a limited supply and a great, unsatisfied demand."

But 49-year-old Smith, who abolished his reserve side a couple of seasons ago to save money and because, he said, he could no longer find young players in the Portsmouth area, is more concerned with the kids at the bottom than the stars at the top.

"Kids just aren't kicking balls around like they did in my day," he says. "This is where you get your players from—the streets and the playgrounds.

"But there's so much else to do nowadays that kids just aren't interested.

"In the old days, people were poor and a small ball was all kids could afford to buy. They spent hours kicking it around, improving their skills.

"This is where your Mannions and Carters came from. And there's not so much football being played in schools today. We used to play in the playground but now I see a lot of schools have stopped kids doing that.

"Might break a window is the excuse. In our day they'd put a wire netting over the window.

"At a school near me the boys play hockey and tennis instead of football. Hockey? That was looked on as a cissy game in my day. There was only one game to play . . . football.

"Nowadays kids only play organised football. You're not going to teach kids skills playing football once or twice a week. Skills only come from practice.

"No, the poor countries are taking over. The kids of Brazil, Africa and such places are kicking balls around, mastering control of them."

Does that mean English clubs might soon have to import players from abroad? Answers Smith: "I'm a dedicated Englishman myself and I'd hate to see it, but we may have to come to it."

Smith has a good point about youngsters and skills. I have seen many school matches recently and though the players were showered with advice and instructions from both the referee and their games teacher on the sidelines, it was obvious that nine out of ten boys had no ball sense at all.

John Boyle, Chelsea's 20-year-old Scottish utility player, once told me: "When I first came to London as a 15-year-old I couldn't understand why there weren't any kids playing fitba' in the streets. That was all we used to do in Wishaw, where I came from."

Kids are still kicking balls about the streets in some parts of Scotland because Scotland is not such a prosperous place as England, but the trend is similar. Only slightly more arrested, that is all.

There are fewer and fewer naturals coming on. Hence the introduction of Danes, Norwegian and Swedish players into Scottish sides.

Does this mean that Smith thinks England, the World Cup holders, are heading downhill fast in world ratings?

"No, I don't believe that. I'm not one of those people who say that football was better in my day. That the players of old were so much better than today's.

"There is much more organisation today. The less ability you have, the more organisation.

"Football is still a game of free expression, the freest game there is. But there has to be central direction and though today's teams might not be full of great ball players they are tactically successful. And they are working harder."

Although he manages a club that one looks on as being in the backwaters, Smith's outspoken views should not be ignored. His verdict will shake those who say that the FA Coaching Scheme is producing more players than ever in our history, but as he says: "If a kid can't kick a ball properly and has no feeling for it you can coach him all day and night and he won't master the art. It's mainly instinctive. Either you have it or you haven't."

It is no accident that the richest countries in the world—the USA, South Africa, Canada, Australia and even Switzerland—show little sign of producing football players of their own. They have to be imported.

And unless the British Government gives every schoolboy in Britain a free ball allowance (as opposed to a milk allowance) with orders that each ball shall be kicked for at least an hour a day, England may well find herself in the same position!

CLASSIFIED RESULTS

● *from last month*

NOVEMBER 17

Rumania (2) **4** (Brejza, Ghergheli, Fratila, Dan Coe) 10,000

Poland (0) **3** (Jarosik, Liberda, Strazalkowski)

Rumania: Ionescu; Popa, Barbu; Mocanu, Ghergheli, Dan Coe; Popescu, Pircalab, Fratila, Dridea, Lucescu.
Poland: Majcher; Strzalkowski, Winkler; Brejza, Grzegorczyk (Liberda), Bazan; Galeczka, Szmidt, Suski, Jarosik, Faber.

NOVEMBER 20

West Germany (2) **3** (Seeler, Ulsass 2) 40,000

Norway (0) **0**

West Germany: Maier; Heidemann, Hottges; Beckenbauer, Schulz, Weber; Dorfel, Ulsass, Seeler, Overath, Held.
Norway: Kaspersen; Johansen (R.), Mathiesen; Pedersen, Thorsen, Stakseth; Kristoffersen, Borno, Berg, Nilsen, Hasund.

● *More next month*

Milorad Galic shoots Partizan's goal in last year's European Cup Final, past the lunging boot of Real Madrid defender Zoco and goalkeeper Araquistain, only to see the ball hit a post. Galic is just one of the many Yugoslavians now playing abroad. (O.)

YUGOSLAVIAN EXODUS IN SPOTLIGHT

by **ULRIK NIMMEGEERS**

WHEN the zebra-striped Partizan Belgrade players ran on to the Heysel pitch at Brussels last year in May for what turned out to be a disappointing performance in the European Champions' Cup against Real, they fully realised that this Final meant their last match together.

In fact, this long awaited achievement was the price for their freedom and six Partizans have now succumbed to the lure of foreign clubs with fair cash resources. Among these, the famous internationals, like goalkeeper Soskic (50 caps) who now plays for FC Cologne, full-back Jusufi (57 caps) who joined Eintracht Frankfurt, half-back Vasovic (35 caps) to Ajax Amsterdam, and centre-forward Galic (41 caps) who went to Standard Liège.

If we call to mind the Yugoslav attack which failed to gain a third place over Chile in the 1962 World Cup (Kovacevic, Sekularac, Jerkovic, Galic, Skoblar) we discover that four of them are still making the grade with foreign clubs.

Dragoslav Sekularac, the temperamental, and the greatest European forward in Chile, has suffered from the tough training methods in the Bundesliga. He has lost some of his punch, but remains a star player with Karlsruhe SC.

Milorad Galic has joined his compatriot Naumovic, Standard's schemer, and after a period of complete inactivity (from the Cup Final in May until December last year, due to his military service) he has gained a regular place with Standard, whose first squad nucleus also includes two Germans, one Brazilian and one Luxembourger, besides Naumovic and Galic! The former Partizan star has become slower, but his ball-control and sense of the game is still remarkable.

Josip Skoblar was bought by Hannover, but his transfer came too late in Germany and was loaned for the time being to Marseille. With nine goals in his first seven matches, it is obvious that he has become the idol of the French Mediterranean club. His technique, like all Yugoslavs, is brilliant, his sudden outbursts arouse much enthusiasm in the French harbour city.

Vladimir Kovacevic is with the French champions Nantes, and there, too, his magic ball control on the left wing attracts higher gates. He lacks speed, but is irreplaceable. In France, where the gates are very low, a third Yugoslav has achieved great success: Silvester Takac has preferred Stade Rennes to the cash lure of the German clubs. Short-legged Takac is held responsible for the recent failure of Atletico Madrid against his old club, Vojvodina.

As to the fifth forward in Chile — and co-top-scorer over there, Dragan Jerkovic—he has been lost to the game. His story is a striking example of how risky it can be to spend all one's money for one star player only. This is exactly what Gantoise's bitter experience proves. When the tall, elegant Jerkovic arrived in Ghent last season, the management of the Belgian club soon discovered that he had grown totally unfit through an injury to the thigh. Did Dynamo Zagreb wittingly sell an unfit player and was Jerkovic himself aware of his fatal injury?

La Gantoise have not lost confidence in Tito's country, however, and their actual goalkeeper, Vukasovic, the stylish and spectacular former Hadjuk Split 'keeper, has helped his new club out of the relegation zone.

Actually, Yugoslavia suffers, unlike other European countries, from a hard winter. In Sarajevo, home of the autumn champions, the temperature was lower than 10 degrees Fahrenheit. The postponement of the matches has given the press an opportunity of dealing with the exodus problem. In the November issue of WORLD SOCCER last year, the main transfers to West Germany were mentioned. The stream has not stopped yet all over the Continent and the total number of Yugoslavs playing abroad must now be nearing the two thousand mark! It is clear that much is to be said about this phenomenon, and that in Yugoslavia one starts to realise that talent is exhaustible.

Moreover, the national squad is eager to succeed in the European Championship against West Germany and Albania. Consequently a new manager has been appointed, Rajko Mitic, 45, who played 59 times for Yugoslavia and who is determined to spend his first months in his new job with recollecting the "lost sons" all over Europe: Soskic, Jusufi, Galic, Sekularac.

"Only if I can acquire experienced players for internationals, shall I be able to shape an outstanding team for my country, capable of doing well again in the European soccer scene," he said.

Naumovic is another Yugoslavian import and is now in his second season with Standard Liege. Here he takes the field before the local derby with FC Liege. In the background is FC Liege full-back Gossens. (O.)

Dramatic finish and Glentoran triumph

IRISH NEWS by Colin McAlpin

THE top team in Northern Ireland this season, Glentoran, got their dearest wish when, in one of the most dramatic finishes to the Irish League championship race ever, they took the title to the Oval to keep company with the Ulster Cup and Gold Cup.

It was one of the most exciting endings I can remember for the Glens, prior to the last games of the programme, were sharing top place with their great cross-city rivals Linfield and it looked all set for a play-off to decide who took the Gibson Cup (the trophy which goes to the League Champions).

The week before the final games the two sides had battled to a draw at the Oval before a crowd of over 20,000 and they were reckoned to have an easy time against inconsistent Portadown at Shamrock Park (Glentoran) and struggling, foot-of-the-table Bangor at Windsor Park (Linfield). It didn't work out as planned for the Glens swamped the Ports 5-2 (after being 2-0 down after only 13 minutes) and Bangor shocked the local football world by taking the all-important point from the Blues in a 2-2 draw that showed the home side up as a slap-dash outfit who certainly did not deserve to be in at the kill.

And so Glentoran travel to the United States in the spring as the Champions of the Irish League—worthy winners of a title they seldom really looked like losing. They have been by far the better of the two teams for the whole of the season, they have been playing the much better football, have been much the stronger of the two. It would, quite frankly, have been a grave injustice if the Glens had not won the Irish League.

Linfield against Bangor had only themselves to blame for not forcing that deciding play-off. They were so poor and inept it wasn't true. Such has been their form all through the title hunt—they threw away too many valuable points, played too many sub-standard games to win the title.

While the Glens were proving their claims to the title the Blues were getting the bird from their supporters—a bunch who must have success, success, success all the time. With Linfield, for long the big boys of Ulster soccer, there can never be any half measures; it must always be victory, they can never be only second best.

So it was at Windsor Park the poor showing by the team was greeted by booing and cat-calling, slow-handclapping and resentment by the supporters. After the match, Linfield chairman, Dr. George Scarlett, commented bitterly: "This is no way to treat a team which has given of its best all season. It is a few irresponsible ones who do it but as our support is bigger than anyone else's there are naturally more of them."

Of course, he added, he was disappointed that the Blues had lost their League title and was quite well aware of the fact that the sideboards at the Park were empty of silverware—so far.

So while the troubled Linfield lick their wounds — and more scars were added when, in the first round of the Irish Cup at Windsor Park, the little "B" Division side, Ballyclare Comrades, made them fight hard for a just-deserved 2-0 win—Glentoran settle down to planning for their glamour trip to the United States to take part in the programme of games before the launching of big-time football there.

When the fixture list was made known from the Toronto conference room in February, it was leant that the Glens would play 12 games and five of them would be on Sundays—the big day for sport in America.

Travel

Lasting six weeks, the programme will start on May 28 when the Glens visit Boston and end on July 8 when they travel to New York. As I write it is thought they will fly out to New York around May 23 and, depending on how well they do in their matches, fly home on July 9 or 10. Altogether the Glens will be away for the better part of seven weeks.

The question of the Glens playing on a Sunday—taboo for Irish clubs and a subject sure to raise the heat in home IFA debates—will be gone into fully when a representative of the organisers visits Belfast in a couple of weeks' time.

For the record the full list involving Glentoran is: May 28, Boston v. Glentoran; May 31, Glentoran v. Chicago; June 4, Glentoran v. Vancouver; June 11, Glentoran v. Washington; June 14, Glentoran v. Houston; June 18, Los Angeles v. Glentoran; June 21, San Francisco v. Glentoran; June 25, Glentoran v. Dallas; June 28, Toronto v. Glentoran; July 1, Chicago v. Glentoran; July 5, Glentoran v. Cleveland; July 8, New York v. Glentoran.

February brought another dramatic talking point in the form of an Irish Cup (first round) match at Castlereagh Park between Ards and Coleraine that had to be abandoned after 76 minutes—most of which had been complete and utter fiasco.

I've never seen scenes like it since I started watching football. Frankly I blame referee Jack Adair for allowing it to continue so long. The Coleraine team was reduced, at one stage, to a handful of players after the others had been carried off the field, or had staggered off it, suffering from exposure.

When the game started it was bad enough as the bitterly cold wind whipped water off nearby Strangford Lough and blew it in sheets across the pitch; as the game progressed it became, not a football match, but a matter of survival as players dropped where they stood with the cold.

First drama came in the 64th minute after Ards had drawn level at 2-2; Coleraine's centre-half John McCurdy was helped to the dressing-room by officials. He was replaced by Brendan Mullen.

Two minutes later team-mate, full-back Davy Gordon, staggered off and was helped to the dressing-room. Shortly after Coleraine winger Sean Dunlop and Ards pivot Billy Stewart left the field. Stewart was replaced by Joe Menary.

Ards, for all that anybody cared at this stage, went one up and as the game was about to re-start Coleraine winger Brian Jennings was helped off the field. Vic Hunter, the Bannsiders goalkeeper, dropped in his nets.

After a midfield chat the referee took both teams off and the fans headed for the doors. A loudspeaker announcement stated that the game had not been abandoned and after eight minutes the Ards side and Adair appeared again—Coleraine did not and the further announcement was made: "The referee had called for a five minutes' respite and it appears that Coleraine are unfit to resume."

Angry Ards fans surrounded the visitors' dressing-rooms as officials generated heat inside. Ards manager, George Eastham, commented: "We were ready to play on but they did not appear. We won it on a technical knock-out, as it were."

The matter was placed in the hands of the IFA Senior Clubs Committee and Coleraine agreed to abide by their decision—not known as I write.

Confusion abounded. Said Coleraine chairman, Jack Doherty: "We believe, that when the referee brought both teams off the field, the game was abandoned. Certainly most of our players did; they undressed and went to the bath. He may have said to some of them that it was only a short break but most of them seemed sure it had been abandoned."

Exposure

Secretary Eddie McFaul said after the game that he had told the referee that McCurdy was suffering from exposure and would collapse if required to continue. Others in the side were in the same position.

Club doctor Dr. James Love warned the players not to resume as it would threaten their health. Coleraine suffered more than the home side because they did not have a change of shirt or a cup of hot tea at half-time ... vital little things when conditions are like this.

Still shivering half-an-hour after the game (and after a steaming bath and brisk rub-down) was Coleraine wing-half Tony O'Doherty who managed to finish the game. His comment was: "I've never played in anything like it; and never want to again."

After that the other Cup games played the same day paled in comparison. The junior teams—with the exception of Newry Town who held Cliftonville to a 1-1 draw at Newry and could easily have won—all went out at the first go, though all of them did more than well against senior opposition.

Dundela, who shocked the football world 12 years ago by winning the Cup, did well to hold Crusaders to a 1-0 victory at Seaview, a ground senior teams find difficult to master. The Crues were terrible, only a bullet of a header from inside-forward Danny Trainor saved them a few red faces and put them into the second round.

I've already said that Ballyclare Comrades gave the mighty Linfield a scare and the other "B" Division side, Brantwood, played well but not well enough against Portadown at Skegoneill Avenue. They went down 3-1 to a Ports team whose football, for the most part, was a pain to watch.

Shocked

Derry City, who lost a string of games prior to the tie, held Glentoran to a 1-1 draw at the Oval; Bangor shocked Glenavon (a side who slammed 10 past them not so long ago) with a fully-deserved 2-1 win; Distillery, under new manager Tommy Casey, hit Ballymena United 3-0 after the Antrim side had two early goals ruled out by the referee.

Up at oft-headlined Brandywell Road, Derry City officials were recently reported worried that the authorities might declare the ground unfit for senior football. They asked the Corporation, who own the ground, to meet them to discuss ways of saving the pitch.

Conditions for recent home games, said vice-chairman Stephen Morgan, were deplorable. Discussions had taken place between club officials and the chairman of the Corporation Parks Committee, J. C. Mackinder, after which Mr. Morgan said: "The discussions were most helpful, but it is essential there should be a meeting between council and board representatives to discuss what can be done to put the ground into a reasonable state."

Some time ago the Sports Turf Research Institute made a detailed examination of Brandywell and recommended that £3,000 be spent to improve it.

The main trouble is that the pitch is being used too often. As it's a Corporation pitch every team—large or small—has a right to use it. At the moment, when City don't need it, junior sides from the Derry and District FA use it.

If you remember, Brandywell was banned for a European Cup tie by the IFA. There has been much talk about City purchasing the ground but nothing ever seems to come of the talk. That would be a concrete move in the right direction if it ever came off.

A row blew up recently in youth football circles when IFA youth committee chairman, Bob Peel, made a protest to Welsh FA officials on the conduct of their players during the drawn youth international at Ton Pentre in the Rhondda Valley. He was annoyed at the tough, intimidating tactics employed — and criticised the home team for their lack of sportsmanship.

Comments from Irish officials were:—Mr. Peel: "We would not tolerate this sort of thing from our own players and do not expect it, especially in an international at this level. I informed the Welsh chairman that we were not happy about it. Our own players had been warned to behave and, despite serious provocation, obeyed the instructions to the letter."

Coach Jackie Cummings: "The Welsh decided to rough it up and it paid off, but that's not the way I want to see football played. The man often appeared to be more of a target than the ball and I felt the referee should have exercised more control."

Chief offender seemed to be the home side's captain, Dacey, and on this Cummings went on: "His misbehaviour spread through the Welsh team but we are not making this an excuse for failing to win. International contests should be clean and sporting and it's serious when teenagers act like this."

Irish winger, Derek McQuillan, said he'd been punched in the stomach but the referee took no action.

"They may try to gag us if they like, but I don't think they will succeed. If any player, official or reporter approaches a referee in a reasonable manner I'm sure he will be given an explanation of any decision made."

That comment was reported recently from Derek Brooks, secretary of the North East Referees' Association, after a story had appeared that Glentoran had asked the IFA to ban referees from making statements to the press. The Oval officials, it was reported, had taken exception to comments made to a Belfast newspaper by referee Keith Walker after the Glentoran-Linfield Irish League game which, to add to the drama, ran into extra time and saw the Blues snatch a point in the 92nd minute.

Walker, in an interview on the suggestion that the Glentoran 'keeper Albert Finlay was impeded by a Linfield player as he tried to get to the ball, said that if Finlay thought he was impeded it was a "figment of his imagination". He didn't, of course, say Finlay was telling a lie or had deliberately misrepresented the situation—as the story had pointed out.

Walker is not, again as my colleague pointed out, a local man and had no particular interest in who won the game. He didn't even know Finlay's name when questioned by the reporter. It was one of those things: Finlay believed one thing and Walker another. Neither is a liar and neither, simply because their stories differ, should be gagged.

Comments

Brooks summed up with the comment: "Unless they ban players, managers and officials from making comments to the press, I don't see referees staying mute. Quite often officials strike referees off their lists because of some decision and don't even take the trouble to seek an explanation from the referee—an explanation which might well present the situation in a different light."

Glentoran have asked for a copy of a newspaper photograph of the incident to show the IFA but Brooks pointed out that it would take a sequence of photographs to get the true picture. In one picture there are too many difficulties — light, angles, distances ... all could go to make the most harmless of "snaps" look sinister.

And at the heels of the hunt, Glentoran won the title anyway—so why drag it all up now?

Three in a row, the team that brought the Ulster Cup, Gold Cup and Irish League Championship to the Oval, Belfast, this season. The all-powerful Glentoran side is: (back row, left to right) Billy McKeag, Arthur Stewart, Albert Finlay, Harry Creighton, Billy McCullough, Billy Sinclair, Jim Weatherup; (front row, left to right) Trevor Thompson, Terry Conroy, John Colrain (player-coach), Walter Bruce, Eric Ross. (Brown.)

AROUND THE WORLD STORIES

SWITZERLAND

FC ZURICH, Servette (Geneva) and Lausanne Sports have all appointed temporary coaches to act as overseers, presumably while new big names are found. The probability is, however, that the answers to the problems of Swiss clubs will not be found in a big-name coach from Spain, Italy or France — but at home in Schweiz. No coach can be successful without the co-operation of his players, and elsewhere that co-operation is bought in hard cash. Swiss players still regarded as amateurs and in many cases being paid more than their clubs can really afford are paid for playing. Elsewhere they are paid for training — and training hard.

Ladislav Kubala's departure from FC Zurich was a sensation; Karl Rappan's decision to quit Lausanne at the end of the season was a surprise, but Bela Guttmann's withdrawal from Servette was perhaps to be expected. The Geneva job is one of the toughest in the country — witness their four bosses in less than a year. Lucien Leduc was sacked after winning the Cup in 1966; Roger Vonlanthen had Bela Guttmann appointed over his head after six games, and now former international Gilbert Dutoit takes over after Servette's visit to Sofia for the encounter with Slavia.

Karl Rappan (61) was no doubt influenced by a recent FA decision when deciding to leave Lausanne. Under the proposed reform, planned by Ernst Thommen, Rappan would have been appointed technical boss for the FA and overseer of the national team. Totally lacking in gratitude (and almost certainly wrong to boot) the FA rejected Rappan as "too old", appointed Willy Neukomm (ex-Grasshoppers) to be technical boss, and confirmed Dr. Alfredo Foni's position as national team-manager until 1970.

Capped by West Germany in 1966, Horst Szymaniak (32) is already a much travelled player. After spells with Karlsruher, Inter and Catania (in Italy), Tasmania Berlin and now FC Biel for the current campaign, Szymaniak has signed to play in the USA next season for Chicago Spurs.

SPAIN

WHILE CF Barcelona angle after Heriberto Herrera and the Madrid clubs Real and Atletico struggle for the signature of Helenio Herrera, the waltz of the lesser *entrenadores* continues.

After leading RCD Coruna to the First Division, former CFB boss Enrique Orizaola was persuaded to resign with the club facing relegation once more. Into the breach stepped Uruguayan-born Dagoberto Moll, who played for Coruna between 1949 and 1954 and still lives there. For his début, Coruna played host to Pontevedra and two days before the game they, too, appointed a new boss: former Real Madrid inside-forward Hector Rial ... born in Argentina. Result: Uruguay 1 Argentina 2.

Real Zaragoza are another club rumoured to be seeking a new coach, and their name has been linked in unconfirmed reports with that of Ladislav Kubala. This appointment is unlikely to come off, however, for Zaragoza's present coach, former Czech international Fernando Daucik, is Kubala's father-in-law!

Alexander Shalamanov, full-back of Slavia and Bulgaria. (O.)

Zaragoza fans were needled when Real Madrid fielded half a reserve team for their visit to La Romareda — no doubt because admission prices were raised for the visit of Spain's top team. The anger of the fans would have been better directed towards their local club, however, for meeting Inter three days later in Milan, Real Madrid asked Zaragoza to play their match on Saturday. Zaragoza declined, Real fielded six reserves and lost their first league game of the campaign 2-1.

Although out of the European Cup once more, Real Madrid are near certainties for the 1967–68 campaign. With seven games left in the championship race they lead the field by six clear points: Won 15, drawn 5, lost 1. Real's closest challengers are CF Barcelona six points and RCD Espanol nine points, and the Meringues should make it with points to spare.

RUSSIA

FOLLOWING the examples of Scotland, England and France, the Russians have introduced their own League Cup. All 19 Division I clubs and five from Division II were invited to take part, playing in four qualifying groups for a trophy presented by *Sovietski Sport*. All the matches will be played between mid-February and mid-March and staged in the milder climate of the south. Group winners will pass into a final pool, and the later stages will be played in Tbilissi. For this series only the FA will allow the goalkeeper and four other players to be substituted for at any time.

Unfortunately, there are Russians who regard League Cups as superfluous — and champions Dynamo Kiev refused to take part!

Since emerging from "splendid isolation" in 1952, the Russians have steadily enlarged their contacts with the world game, and still the process goes on. During the winter-break, Helmut Schon (West Germany) and Helenio Herrera (Italy) were invited to Moscow, and now the FA have agreed to the appointment of a foreign coach — the first since the war. Daugava, who play in Riga, the former capital of Estonia, are the club eager to gain promotion from Division II and Hungarian coach, Rudolf Szomlay, is the man they hope will take the club up.

Already working for 1970 new national boss Mikhail Jakuschin and his assistant Victor Tzarev (capped in the 1958 World Cup) have taken a 19-man squad to Yugoslavia and Italy for six weeks. Based at Makarska on Yugoslavia's Adriatic coast, the Russians have already beaten Hajduk Split 2-1 and AS Roma 1-0.

Meanwhile, the Olympics squad assembled for training beside the Black Sea under Gavril Katchaline (1962 World Cup boss) and former Spartak centre-forward Nikita Simonian. Later they flew to Japan, where they beat the Japanese Olympic squad 2-0 and Kyoto 3-1.

ITALY

FOLLOWING the suspension and final dismissal of World Cup coach Edmondo Fabbri, the FA appointed Ferruccio Valcareggi (former boss of Fiorentina) to be temporary coach. Basing his selection on FC Internazionale, Signor Valcareggi wisely asked Helenio Herrera to assist him, and the invitation was accepted. Later, however, HH declined to continue. Now the FA have appointed a new boss: Helenio Herrera, who will be assisted by Ferruccio Valcareggi!

In addition to his duties with the national team, now centred on the bid for the European Nations' Cup, HH will also act as overseer, supervising the preparations of Italy's Olympic Games soccer squad. It seems highly unlikely that young professionals will be ignored for this series, and already there is a link between the Under-23 team and the Olympics team in the press. The final responsibility rests with the Italian Olympic Committee and the chances are that they will once more withdraw their team.

Meanwhile, after reaching the semi-finals of the Copa Europa, FC Internazionale stride on towards their elusive treble: Europa Cup, League and FA Cup. In the championship race, Inter increased their lead to four points, winning 3-0 away to Brescia, while Juventus were held to 0-0 by

Action from an Italian League match . . . Domenghini of Internazionale shoots past Brescia goalkeeper Brotto. (Ol.1.)

Foggia. Still hoping for second place, Napoli trail six points behind Inter, while unfashionable Cagliari, the surprise team of the season, hang on to fourth place.

In the outstanding FA Cup games Juventus beat Lanerossi 5-2, while AC Milan accounted for Torino 4-2, and the pairings for the quarter-finals are: Inter v. Fiorentina; Bologna v. Juventus; Lecco v. AC Milan; Padova v. Napoli. A "fine" draw — it looks to have been arranged.

"This will be the year of Cappellini," Helenio Herrera is said to have told Milan critics last September, and if they hadn't then heard of Renato Cappellini they have now. Twenty-three years old, Inter's young striker is already threatening the top scorers after half a dozen games. Eight goals earn him seventh place behind Riva (Cagliari) 17, Hamrin (Fiorentina) 14 and Mazzola (Inter) 13, and hitting two of Inter's three goals against Real Madrid, Cappellini is surely destined to take over the top spot within 18 months.

BELGIUM

WHEN French coach Pierre Sinibaldi went to Monaco last summer, former Hungarian boss Andreas Beres took over the reins of RSC Anderlecht. At times the darlings of the Parc Astrid have seemed even more efficient under new management, but for the second time this season RSC have hit a slump. After a shaky start Anderlecht zoomed into top place and a clear four-point lead over Bruges FC and Royal Antwerp. Then, after beating Bruges convincingly and hammering Ajax Amsterdam 4-1 (a charity match for the wife of Laurent Verbiest), Anderlecht's fortunes slumped once more. Beaten away by St. Trond, drawing at home 0-0 with Antwerp, and losing 0-2 away to Standard in Liege, Anderlecht have no goals and one point from three games.

Bruges FC have now made up the leeway to share the leadership with 33 points from 22 games, but lead on "victories". In Belgium, goal average doesn't count and instead of decimals they settle such disputes on the number of wins. In this respect, Bruges hold the edge with 15 to Anderlecht's 14.

With referees under fire the press has carefully compiled statistics to determine whether or not Belgian officials are homers. Many authorities insist this is so — claiming that more than 90% of all penalty kicks awarded are against visiting teams. For the most suspicious critics the recent match between St. Trond and Daring provided fresh fuel. With 20 minutes left, Daring trailed 3-2 and were awarded a penalty. "B" cap Colonval took the kick and scored, but the referee "spotted" two Daring players in the box, and gave a free-kick to the home side. After the match the official admitted his "mistake".

Brussels club Racing-White hit the headlines recently when Rumanian coach Norberto Hoffling was demoted by major shareholder Michiels. With relegation looming, Michiels decided to take over himself, but co-directors objected. Mr. Michiels then threatened to liquidate the club — without realising that the club's only assets are the players, who would then be automatically free to join any club without fee. A compromise has been reached, but the three-year amalgamation of the two Brussels clubs is clearly in jeopardy.

BULGARIA

SINCE World Cup boss Rudolf Vytlacil left for Vienna, the national team has been in the temporary care of Dragomir Tachkov, manager of the Sofia club Slavia. During the winter break the FA were eager to confirm Tachkov's appointment but he declined to leave Slavia and concentrate on the FA job. Now the FA have cancelled Tachkov's temporary appointment and promoted Dr. Stefan Bojkov, who until now has been preparing the Olympics squad.

During his playing days, Dr. Bojkov was a wing-half with CDNA, earning 56 caps and reputed to be Bulgaria's all-time best player. Since retirement Bojkov has travelled widely, spending three months at a time in Italy, West Germany and Spain studying training methods, but he still has not had a top club job. Bojkov's assistant will be another star of the '50s (with Levski), Vassil Spassov, who until now has been coach of Botev Plovdiv — third in the First Division table.

In spite of the Levski slump the championship race is still headed by two Sofia clubs — Lokomotive (23 points) and Slavia (21), with CDNA, now known as CSKA Red Banner, fourth (20). Slavia slipped badly on the restart, losing 1-0 to Botev Vratza before visiting Geneva for the Cup-Winners' Cup clash with Servette. While CSKA drew 2-2 with Linfield, Slavia held Servette to 1-0 and, with home legs to come, have a fine chance to have two clubs in the big semi-finals for the first time.

Star of Slavia's defensive battle in Switzerland was World Cup right-back, Alexander Shalamanov. Twenty-three years old, Shalamanov has 20 caps and is one of the fittest Bulgarian players. During the winter break he concentrates on his second sport — ski-ing — and is currently national slalom champion.

WORLD DIARY—*from page 15*

UPPER Volta Chief of State, Sangoule Lamizana, personally intervened to persuade his national football team to resume play after a walk-off during an African Cup match here recently.

Mali beat Upper Volta 1-0 in the qualifying group match. Upper Volta claimed that Tidiane Diallo, the Mali centre-forward, was offside when he netted, and when the Liberian referee allowed the goal the Upper Volta players walked off in protest.

Security forces were rushed on to the pitch to guard against any incidents among the capacity crowd. After about ten minutes, Lieut.-Colonel Lamizana talked the players into returning to the field, and the match ended without further incident.

Police escorted the referee and linesmen when they left the ground.

DAY IN A HEAD OF STATE'S DIARY

"Hello, fans. Today my football team did the dirties on me in Ouayadougou. Not only did I have to watch them get the runsaround from Mali, but they walks off the pitch when the Maliman Diallo scores the goal. Then I have to leave my seat in the sitting and talk them round in the dresser. Volts, I says, you gets back on the pitcher this minute and ends the game. That old Liberian referee may be blind as a cricket, and, sure 'nough, that net was no net. But I's been fined once by the FIFAs for rioting, so we's got to keep a healthy sheet for the rest of the season. And you win this match, do you hear? I'm selling you off to those Pittsburgh Pirates for a million dollar before they find out what a load of old rubbish they are a getting."

(Mali still beat Upper Volta 1-0 in an African Cup-tie.)

World Cup brought Geoff Hurst . . .

International Fame

by
PHILIP RISING

THE name of Geoff Hurst is known throughout the soccer globe. His magnificent hat-trick for England in the World Cup Final against West Germany last July was enough to ensure his place in history.

Hurst achieved almost instant international fame as a result of one match but his ultimate establishment upon the scene was somewhat belated and not premature.

Predictions about an international future for Geoffrey Christopher Hurst had been made years before he even began to scale the ladder, but in those early days it was his prowess at wing-half that captured the imagination of onlookers.

The handsome Hurst, son of a former professional with Oldham Athletic and Chelmsford City, was raised in Essex but was never one of those "schoolboy wonders" who are has-beens at the age of 17 or 18.

But the West Ham scouts saw enough to tempt this powerfully built lad on to their ground staff; and Hurst responded with rapid progress through the Upton Park youth scheme . . . as a wing-half.

His physical strength and build were obvious advantages in this position and his advancement was such that he was appointed captain of the England Youth eleven. From there Hurst, a quiet, modest chap, moved forward to West Ham's Football Combination squad and eventually First Division soccer in the Football League. He made his bow against Nottingham Forest in 1960.

But at this time there was no paucity of outstanding wing-half material at the Boleyn Ground. There was John Smith, an England reserve who later left to join Tottenham Hotspur; Andy Malcolm, renowned for his shadowing ability; Bobby Moore was beginning to make his mark; there was also Eddie Bovington and then Martin Peters.

In the face of this competition Hurst undoubtedly faded. He almost left, in fact, as part of the deal that brought Johnny Byrne from Crystal Palace in 1962. But he declined the move, a fortuitous decision for both the player and the club.

After an uncertain period in the reserves, manager Ron Greenwood shrewdly blended Hurst into his forward line during the 1962–63 season and almost immediately began to reap the dividends of what, on the surface at least, appeared to be an inspired gamble.

It was during the visit of West Ham to the United States in 1963, for the International Soccer League, that Hurst began to reveal his potential as a goalscorer of more than average ability.

During his first full season as a front-line striker, Hurst netted 18 goals in League and League Cup matches. He added six more in West Ham's FA Cup run, which took them to Wembley. Hurst scored the second of the Hammers' three goals in the final against Preston North End.

Five months earlier he won the first of three England Under-23 caps, against Wales at Bristol. Although this Ashton-under-Lyne player won more club honours, a European Cup-Winners' Cup medal after a memorable final, again at Wembley, with 1860 Munich, he failed to reach the full England team until February 1966.

Concidentally, he made his début against West Germany, but was still largely considered as an understudy to both Roger Hunt and Jimmy Greaves.

It was not until Hurst, who has also made his mark in county cricket, was selected for the World Cup match with Argentina, and scored the only goal, that his place in the team became almost automatic.

Hurst improved tremendously during the months before the World Cup finals actually commenced; he learned to capitalise on the chances created by his own intelligent positional sense, and there is no doubt that as a marksman he became the most efficient in the country.

But more important, the calm and dedicated Geoff Hurst has continued to enhance his reputation since July and prove that his Wembley achievement was no freak performance. This season has held a number of disappointments for West Ham, particularly their ignominious FA Cup defeat by Swindon Town, despite the presence of three World Cup heroes.

Yet Hurst, the most prolific scorer in England, sees to it that West Ham are always a dangerous side, although his efforts are often offset by the weaknesses of a defence that is about as watertight as a bucket full of holes.

Hurst, whose strength on the ball and skill at riding even the strongest tackles makes him most difficult to dispossess, is not solely a goalscorer who waits lazily around for the opportunities to arise.

He works tenaciously, accepts physical buffeting as part of his job and displays the confidence that has made him into a great player.

With age firmly on his side, Hurst can look forward to a long international career. I am sure Alf Ramsey would love to have his hat-trick hero in the party that travels to Mexico in 1970.

West Ham and England inside-forward Geoff Hurst. (Mac. 1.)

Shrinking Continent in reality

AFRICAN NEWS
by
NORMAN D. REICH

RECENT RESULTS

Zambia 2 Malagasy 0
Malawi 0 Zambia 1
Uganda 0 Congo-Kinshasa 5
Nigeria 3 Congo-Kinshasa 2
Togo 2 Congo-Kinshasa 4
Liberia 1 Congo-Kinshasa 4
Kenya 0 Sudan 1
Kenya 3 Sudan 2

WITH wider and wider contact on the soccer field between the far-flung states of the giant continent, Africa is rapidly shrinking in size. The new Africa Club Cup competition, for so many years merely a distant dream, became a reality in 1966, providing yet another golden opportunity for footballers of different backgrounds and cultures to come together. This is a move in the right direction and can only improve the general standard of football in Africa.

Modelled on the fabulous, money-spinning European Cup, the 1966 Africa Club tournament was a somewhat limited affair, the entry coming in the main from the French-speaking West African states. However, its success has aroused tremendous interest throughout Africa which has assured a far more representative entry for the second competition this year.

Into the hat for the first round draw went the champions of Mali, Togo, Ivory Coast, Chad, Senegal, Guinea, Upper Niger and Liberia.

Real Bamako (Mali) and Stade Abidjan (Ivory Coast) battled through the rounds to face each other in the final. Whereas the earlier rounds had been played off on a straight knock-out basis —in contrast to the European Cup—the final consisted of two legs—again in contrast to the European Cup—with Real Bamako coming out of the hat first, giving the first game to Bamako. A capacity crowd of 25,000 saw the Mali champions lead 2-0 at half-time and go on to win 3-1.

The Abidjan City Stadium was packed to its brim with 40,000 supporters for the return. Abidjan made a tremendous start, scoring twice in the first ten minutes to wipe off the first leg deficit.

Just after the interval, Bamas pounced on to a precision through pass to crash an unstoppable shot into the Bamako net to put Stade ahead. Real forced the final into extra time with a dramatic 87th-minute goal from their brilliant centre-forward, Bunjore.

Tight pressure from the word go in the extra period soon brought its reward for the home side. Huddes leapt higher than anyone else in a goal-mouth flurry and as the ball flashed off his forehead into the net, the pitch was flooded with ecstatic fans and play was halted for more than ten minutes.

Instead of defending and clutching to their lead, Stade launched attack after attack and almost played Real into the hard turf but could not score again by the final whistle.

There is no doubt in my mind that out of somewhat modest beginnings, a new competition of tremendous appeal will grow. For so long, Africa has been concentrating on football at international level that club pride, as experienced in Europe and South America, has been completely absent. Ripples of such passion are now making an appearance in Africa.

The most important international occurrence to take place during the period under review was the four-match tour by the Congo-Kinshasa side. Three convincing victories and an odd-goal defeat must come as a satisfying climax to those who have been preparing this squad for some months. There is a new drive in both the Congos to capture prestige on the football field and extensive tours are now producing results.

No manager

The tour began with a match against Uganda in Kampala. For the home side, still without a manager, there was no respite from the string of failures. Uganda in fact reached a new low as the Congo visitors swept on to a 5-0 victory. Uganda's international side needs a complete overhaul. They are now playing without any direction and a clean sweep must be made or else all hopes of success in the forthcoming Africa Cup can be forgotten.

From Kampala, the side flew to Lagos for the meeting with Nigeria. Here, there was a heartening display from the home side in a hard-fought thriller that ended with Nigeria 3-2 ahead.

The trip was completed in West Africa with victories over Togo and Liberia. Further excursions of this kind could project the Congo-Kinshasa to the forefront of African football.

Another important aspect of the Congo tour was that they were accompanied by a second-string side dubbed the Congo Leopards who played select teams in each of the four countries. I have only established the result of one of their games—a 1-1 draw with the West Nigeria Rovers in Ibadan while the senior side was busy in Lagos.

While their neighbours were travelling through Africa, the Congo-Brazzaville were about to kick-off on a tour of China. They were the second African international team to visit the eastern giant in 1966, Tanzania having had the experience earlier in the year. A huge crowd turned up at the East China City Stadium in Shanghai and saw the tourists beat Shanghai Workers 3-1.

In East Africa, the annual Jamhuri matches were again played in Nairobi. The Kenya FA invited Sudan to send a side this year and a young squad with an abundance of potential was despatched from Khartoum. Both matches were played at the new Nairobi City Stadium, a reconditioned version of the old, inadequate Doonholm Road Ground.

The first encounter was a dull, uninteresting affair almost totally lacking in skill. Inside-left Babikir scored the only goal of the afternoon 30 seconds after the interval. Kenya's every effort evaporated at the sight of goal and man-in-charge Jack Gibbons made a number of changes in the attack for the second match.

Baraza put the home side a goal to the good at the interval and then added another just after, but Doka pulled one back in the 60th minute for Sudan. Baraza completed his hat-trick two minutes later—only the second time in six years that a Kenyan has bagged three goals in an international in Nairobi. It was Babikir, though, who got the best goal of the match. He mesmerised three men with a bewitching dribble before sending a scorching 20-yard drive directly at the net.

Abaluhya United tied up the 1966 Kenya League Championship with a 4-0 win over Nakuru Allstars, the runners-up.

The final league log was:

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Abaluhya Utd.	**22**	**15**	**5**	**2**	**32**	**-15**	**35**
Nakuru Allstars	22	15	2	5	53	-32	32
Maseno	22	14	2	6	54	-26	30
Luo Union	22	13	2	7	64	-51	28
Feisal	22	12	3	7	67	-54	27
Maragoli	22	10	2	10	47	-39	22
Ramogi	22	9	3	10	52	-54	21
Kisumu	22	8	2	12	67	-61	18
Wanderers	22	6	3	13	38	-60	15
Mombasa Liver.	22	5	4	13	30	-54	14
Eldoret	22	5	3	14	30	-52	13
Black Stars	22	4	1	17	40	-86	9

The Allsopps Cup — the East African Club Championship—got under way in December. The leading club in each region of East Africa is invited to take part in the competition. Abaluhya United drew T.P.C. of Arusha, Tanzania, in the first round and at the time of writing, the tie had not been resolved, a 2-2 draw resulting in the first match in Nairobi. The winners will meet the Uganda champions, Express, in Kampala in the semi-final. In the other semi-final, Feisal of Kenya, the Cup-holders, met Tanga Sunderland, the Tanganyika champions, at the Ilala Stadium in Dar-es-Salaam. Sunderland, with goals from Emmanuel, Arthur and Kimimbi, reached their first Allsopps final with a 3-1 victory. Sunguru scored the Feisal goal.

The annual Friendship Cup tournament will be held in Khartoum this year. Six nations will take part—a record. They are: Ethiopia, the holders, Sudan, the hosts, Somalia, Kenya, Uganda and Tanzania.

Another big international tournament will be held in Zambia in 1968. World Cup organiser, Ken Wilson, is advising the Football Association of Zambia. It is hoped that Ghana, Nigeria, Ethiopia, the UAR, Sudan, Morocco and the Gossage Cup winners will participate.

Zambia and Kenya will again meet in September for the BAT Cup and Zambia also hopes to undertake tours to Kenya, the Congo and Malawi. Kenya will also co-operate with Zambia in attempting to bring out Sir Stanley Matthews for a series of three exhibition matches in late May or early June.

LEADERS IN LEAN SPELL

EUROPEAN COMMENTARY by GORDON JEFFERY

THE leading European clubs were ill-served by their stars during the last week-end in February—their stars in the heavens but perhaps also their stars on the pitch. Fairly logical reasons can be put forward for most sequences in football: many statistical curiosities become less curious after a few minutes' reflection—that hoary old one, for example, about more penalties being awarded to home clubs than to visiting ones. Does this mean that too many referees are "homers"? No, all that it means is that more of the play takes place in the visitors' penalty area and the possibility of an attacker being fouled there is that much greater than at the other end of the pitch. The same reason, putting it another way, why home sides score more goals than away ones.

There just is no reasonable explanation, however, for top clubs in various countries *all* doing badly, or less well than they usually do, at the same time. Yet often this does happen but rarely so precisely as it did, in those European countries where the league season was operating, on Saturday and Sunday, February 25 and 26.

On that week-end, Celtic in Scotland playing against Stirling Albion; Benfica in Portugal playing against Sporting Lisbon; Real Madrid in Spain playing against Las Palmas; Inter Milan in Italy playing against Lecco, all drew their matches by the same score—one-all.

Liverpool, that same week-end, also drew their match against Fulham (2-2) and, in West Germany, Eintracht Braunschweig played a goalless match against MSV Duisburg.

Only in Belgium, where Anderlecht, who had been beaten the previous week by Standard Liege (0-2), beat Beeringen by five goals to nil, and in France, where St. Etienne beat Rennes 4-1, did the team heading their national championship table at the time gain full points. In the Netherlands, on the other hand, mighty Ajax were beaten—for only the third time this season in the league—by PSV by the odd goal in three.

Nine countries — two leading clubs winning, one losing and six of them held to draws. In only one case, however, was there a change in leadership as a consequence of the dropped point or two—in the Football League where Manchester United, four-nil winners over bottom-of-the-table Blackpool, drew level with Liverpool on points and edged ahead of them on goal average (they also have a match in hand).

Mention of unlucky Blackpool's position reminds me that some of the drawn matches I have mentioned concerned encounters between very lowly-placed clubs and their national leaders. Lecco, for instance, who drew with Inter *in Milan* were the bottom club in the Italian table; Stirling Albion were third from the bottom in the Scottish League; Las Palmas were similarly placed in the Spanish League.

It should be recalled perhaps that the opponents of Lecco, Stirling Albion and Las Palmas, all had important European competition fixtures to fulfil on the Wednesday following their drawn matches and probably Inter and Real Madrid were thinking as much about their second-leg meeting in Madrid as of their league matches; and Celtic—for whom Stirling Albion have been something of a bogey team in recent seasons—had half their attention on their journey to Yugoslavia to take on Vojvodina in the first leg of their European Champions' Cup quarter-final.

Ajax, beaten as I have mentioned in their Netherlands Championship match, also had a date in Europe in mid-week—at home in Amsterdam against Dukla Prague. But, even that possible excuse for some disinclination to wholly concentrate on their league, bread-and-butter matches on the part of Inter, Real, Celtic and Ajax, does not explain the points dropped by Benfica, Liverpool and Eintracht Braunschweig—nor the failure of their nearest rivals, in many of the leagues, to cash in on the top clubs' lapses.

So many European competitive matches will have been played between the writing of this month's commentary and its publication that it would be misleading to attempt any progress report on the competitions. But, following the trail started by these coincidental drawn matches, I thought a closer, statistical look at a typical Saturday or Sunday programme in the principal Western European leagues might throw up some interesting points.

Many of us have developed a great deal of respect and affection for the Belgian club, Anderlecht, over the past four or five seasons—and not only, for that matter, for the club alone but for the Belgian national side built around Anderlecht players. Two seasons ago in the Champions' Cup they, thanks to the luck of the coin after a play-off had been goalless, eliminated Bologna before coming to England to play a Liverpool team that then seemed good enough to have won the Cup that has so far eluded

Liverpool outside-left Peter Thompson jinks his way past Fulham full-back George Cohen during a Football League match at Craven Cottage which ended in a 2-2 draw. (A.)

British clubs. Liverpool won, as they did the return in Belgium, but Anderlecht made new friends. Then last season the Belgian club came close to beating Real Madrid (the eventual competition winners) in the quarter-finals. (They won the first leg at home by a goal to nil but lost in Madrid by four goals to two in a match that suffered from below-average refereeing.) This season, after a canter in the preliminary round against Haka Valakosken of Finland, Anderlecht were quite sharply knocked out by the resurgent Dukla Prague team and, in consequence, have been out of our focus.

Oddly whilst they were occupied with some success in the Champions' Cup in the seasons 1964–65 and 1965–66, they sailed smoothly along at the top of the Belgian League with, in both years, a tally of 36 points from their first 20 matches (out of the full programme of 30 matches). This season they have continued to make the running without, however, being able to shake off all their rivals. At the 20-match stage Anderlecht had 31 points. FC Bruges had 29 and Standard Liege (still interested in the Cup-Winners' competition, of course) had 26. Then Anderlecht suffered their third defeat when Standard beat them by two goals to nil. FC Bruges made heavier weather than had been expected against Beeringen but came through by the odd goal in five to draw level with Anderlecht.

On the week-end of my review it was a win for both leaders—Bruges narrowly (a single goal to nil) at Waregem; Anderlecht more determinedly by five goals to nil at home against Beeringen. Standard slipped after their win over Anderlecht and were beaten by St. Trond to leave Anderlecht and Bruges joint leaders with 33 points and Standard five points behind.

Twenty-one goals were scored in the eight Belgian First Division matches played at the week-end. None of the matches was drawn and six of the 16 clubs failed to score.

Draws were more plentiful but goals less so in Portugal. Benfica are in front—but not, *of course*! Instead, as with Anderlecht, Benfica (who need badly to win the Portuguese Championship to regain their place in the top flight of European competitive football) only head the national league table on goal average—over Academica. Each had been beaten twice and had drawn once before the last February week-end matches. Benfica, as I have mentioned, were amongst the one-all squad and, fortunately for them, Academica also drew—nil-nil against the third-placed Porto. All in all on the day, Portugal was starved of goals—only ten of them scored in seven matches—of which five were drawn with six of the 14 teams failing to score.

Draws were also plentiful in Italy—five of them, as in Portugal, but in Italy five out of eight matches. Although one more match was played in Italy compared with Portugal, the total of goals scored only narrowly increased: 11 compared with the ten in Portugal. Moreover, exactly half of the teams in action failed to score!

Amongst the drawn matches was, as I have mentioned, Internazionale's home match in Milan against Lecco. Three days later Inter were due to play Real in Madrid in the vital second leg of their European Champions' Cup quarter-final and the result was less surprising because of this. In any case, Inter could afford to drop a point. They were three points ahead of Juventus who, although they had been beaten only once compared with the two defeats suffered by Inter, had shown an inordinate liking for draws—nine of them in their first 21 matches. Naples and the little considered Cagliari followed Juventus — each four points in arrears.

In the event, Inter's draw with Lecco did nothing to disturb the Milan's club three-point advantage at the top because, as you may well have guessed, Juventus likewise drew—the local "derby" against Torino. Naples and Cagliari both enjoyed useful home wins—Cagliari by the odd goal in three against Roma, and Naples by the only really convincing score of the day—three-nil against Atalanta.

The shadow of the Champions' Cup quarter-final had long been hanging over Real Madrid in Spain. Before the first leg played in Milan, Real had asked their due opponents in a Spanish League match, Real Zaragoza, to play in mid-week instead of, as normally, on the Sunday before the Milan match. Zaragoza declined: Real Madrid introduced reserve players and were beaten for the first time this season—after 13 matches had been won and six drawn. It was only a narrow defeat—Marcelino scoring twice for Zaragoza and Calpe reducing the arrears for Real with a penalty, and Real were still six points ahead of Espanol and seven ahead of Espanol's local rivals, Barcelona.

On the Sunday following their first leg Champions' Cup match, Real had a "day off" whilst their nearest challengers played against each other in a Catalan derby. And, aiding Real's cause, Barcelona were the winners by three goals to one. Net result, before the last Sunday in February matches, was that Real, with a match in hand, were on 32 points and Barcelona (27 points) had leap-frogged over Espanol (26 points). But Real's thoughts were on their second leg and they could only draw at home against Las Palmas. Espanol (3-2 against Coruna) and Barcelona (2-1 at Granada) both won to bring themselves five and four points behind Real respectively. But those two victories and Pontevedra's three-nil win over Valencia, were the only clear-cut decisions in Spain's programme of eight First Division matches. As in Italy, in other words, five draws in eight matches—and, in Spain, seven teams not scoring.

In West Germany before the last Saturday in February matches, the leading club was Eintracht Braunschweig with 29 points, followed by three clubs better known to British followers of European competitive football—Eintracht Frankfurt (27 points), Borussia Dortmund (25 points) and Hamburger SV (25 points). The first three had all drawn their previous match. HSV had lost theirs.

And the leaders, Braunschweig, were again held to a draw—a goalless away match against MSV Duisburg. Yet the end of the day saw them further ahead! Eintracht Frankfurt (away to Stuttgart) and Borussia Dortmund (at home to Nuremberg) were both beaten and, like the leaders, HSV drew.

Nine matches played — three drawn and six teams not scoring.

There is room for hours of discussion in the consideration of the reason for low scoring, preponderance of draws, and so on. Here, on that last week-end in February, is the picture as it emerged in the top division of the nine main West European countries.

	No. of matches	No. of draws	No-score teams	Goals H-A	Goals Total	Goal rate
Belgium	8	Nil	6	15- 6	21	2.63
England	11	3	6	19-12	31	2.82
France	10	3	7	19- 6	25	2.50
W. Germany	9	3	6	14- 9	23	2.56
Italy	8	5	8	8- 3	11	1.38
Netherlands	9	2	5	19-11	30	3.33
Portugal	7	5	6	5- 5	10	1.43
Scotland	8	3	4	13-10	23	2.88
Spain	8	5	7	9- 6	15	1.88

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PLAYER PORTRAIT: SANDRO MAZZOLA by ERIC BATTY

FOLLOWING IN HIS FOOTSTEPS

IT was perhaps inevitable that Sandrino Mazzola should become a star. The son of Valentino Mazzola, inside-left of the Grand Torino team which dominated the Italian game in the 'forties, Sandro has all the dash and class of his father and benefiting from modern training methods adds an extra touch of streamlined grace. Yet for all his obvious qualities, it was touch and go whether he should play at all, and until he signed as a professional for Inter, Sandro was destined to be an accountant.

Born in Torino on November 8, 1942, Sandro was six years old when his father died—killed in the tragic accident at Superga. Flying back to Torino after a friendly match in Lisbon the plane carrying the team, coaches and reserves hit the tower of a monastery. All were killed.

Not unnaturally, Sandro's mother did her best to dissuade him from playing, but finally compromising by agreeing that if he put his studies first, he could play. At 12 he was training with FC Internazionale and at 14 he was passed on to a Milano youth team which Inter help financially. Then back once more to Inter and the final decision to turn professional.

Sandro's mother was still reluctant, but sensing her son's enthusiasm, she began to relent. Finally, there was only one point to settle. As the son of the great Valentino, Sandrino had to be really good or not play at all. An old friend of his father, Giuseppe Meazza, was called in for advice—a 53 times capped star of the 'thirties and at the time coach of Inter's youth squad. There was, said Meazza, a very good chance for Sandro . . . and it was settled.

Soon after turning professional Sandro found himself thrust into the league side in very unusual circumstances. After a match with Juventus in Turin, Inter had been drawing 0-0 when fans invaded the pitch. The match was abandoned and under the rules of the Lega Nazionale the away team should have been given a technical 3-0 win. This time, however, the League ruled—a replay—and in protest Inter fielded their entire youth team. With Enrico Sivori and John Charles starring for Juventus at the time, the young Inter squad were no match for the Zebras and lost 9-1.

A year later, after spending the entire season in the reserves, Mazzola made another appearance on the last day of the season and at the start of the new campaign (at 20) he won a regular berth.

In his first full season, Sandro hit ten league goals to help Inter win their first championship under Helenio Herrera and followed up this initial success by winning the European Cup at their first attempt. In that final at the end of the 1963–64 season, Mazzola finally arrived—hitting two goals in a 3-1 win over Real Madrid in Vienna.

His second goal was the one which clinched the game. At 2-1 for Inter, Real Madrid were on top and soon after Puskas had hit the inside of an Inter post Mazzola challenged Santamaria close to the half-way line. Under pressure and with time running out the Uruguayan attempted a hurried clearance with an overhead kick. The ball hit Mazzola—and bouncing on, left him with a sprint to the Spaniards' goal, and as the 'keeper came out a touch with the outside of his right foot sent the ball deftly past the 'keeper, into the net via the far post.

In the 1964–65 campaign Mazzola almost doubled his tally of league goals. With 17 points to his credit he shared top place with Fiorentina's Orlando and was third the following season with 19. Every goal in Italy is worth at least 2½ elsewhere for with *catennacio* the rule and free-backs abounding every goal has to be earned.

Mazzola gets his goals with skill, pace and courage and makes as many more for his colleagues. At every step he has a stopper on his back and a free-back to cover—and no one particular how they stop him.

Trapping the ball to perfection, Sandrino Mazzola demonstrates part of his undoubted skill which has made him one of the World's top performers. (O.)

With decoy running in the penalty area, and deft touches of the ball in the goalmouth, Mazzola tees up many a goal for an oncoming colleague.

Though still only 24, Mazzola is permanently established as the chief marksman of the *squadra* Nazionale. First capped in 1963, he now has 20 caps to his credit and barring injury has many more to come. Making his international début when he was 20—a few weeks after gaining a "B" cap—he still recalls the most agonising moments of his career. Playing against Brazil at the San Siro Stadium in Milano, Italy were awarded a penalty with the score sheet still blank. Before the game, team manager Edmondo Fabbri had nominated Gianni Rivera who took penalties for AC Milan to take the spot-kicks, but when the moment came, Rivera declined.

From his seat on the touchline Signor Fabbri ordered Mazzola to take it. Stepping up to spot, Mazzola hammered the ball hard and high to Gylmar's left hand and stood in horror as the ball rebounded from the goal. For a few seconds the crowd were hushed and Mazzola confesses he thinks his heart stopped before the referee pointed to the middle. The ball had hit the stanchion supporting the net!

Although Mazzola's current role is primarily that of a goal-getter, his instinct pulls him towards midfield. Helenio Herrera has already indicated that when the time is right Mazzola will be withdrawn to play a roving, scheming role where he is likely to come closer than anyone else to equalling the effectiveness of Di Stefano.

For the moment, however, Mazzola continues to score goals—many of them shining as bright as jewels in a desert, for Sandro is almost unique amongst contemporary strikers. With the grace and skill of Florian Albert, Mazzola adds a dynamism the Hungarian leader has never had. With the ball at his feet Mazzola is good enough to create his own shooting positions, bringing the ball in amongst the defenders, feinting and weaving—and off the ball he has the instinct and courage to go in for the half chances, "in" where the fists and feet fly around the penalty spot—and where many referees fear to even look.

Man in the Middle's Views

by SIDNEY CLARKSON

AUTOMATED REFEREES!

AUTOMATION, through the clever use of machines and electronics, is taking out of life much of its dull monotony and repetition. I believe the great attraction of football at any time and at any grade, is its display of techniques and skills that do not evolve round a machine. May it be a long time, too, before the game is impersonally scored and judged by all-seeing cameras which utter a siren note at each and every fault and foul.

Until that time, if it ever comes, a human arbitrator, with human attributes, will judge the efforts of sportsmen. With the professional game offering greater rewards in the shape of high wages, trips abroad, percentage of signing-on fees, chances for appearances on television, film cameras, and opportunities for articles and interviews, there is added stress upon that daring human upon whom much of these rewards devolve—the REFEREE!

What kind of a hero will step into the tense arenas of some pitches of the future? Such a one surely was Gottfried Dienst, the Swiss civil engineer, who was honoured with the Wembley World Cup Final 1966. Obviously no British or West German ref. could have had the onus. South American officials, like the teams, made only a minor impression on the tournament. The Hungarian experienced Istvan Zsolt was freely tipped in some circles of insight, but completed his stint with the flag in the stormy Argentine quarter-final.

Historic

So before a capacity crowd in London of 93,000 and perhaps a thousand times that number on television throughout the world, the mid-European ref. made his historic gesture. Think of the enormous pressure on this one individual; his every move reviewed, recorded and reported for all time. And what comment was earned from reporter Eric Batty. *"A travesty of a referee"* (WORLD SOCCER, September, 1966).

What contumacy. Since the same writer, with all salient "facts" at his disposal, tipped his last four in the World Cup as Spain, Italy, Brazil and West Germany, we could apply the same epithet to his forecasting propensities. Passing through Basle last summer, I almost called upon Mr. Dienst to say personally how I thought he'd done a pretty good job.

Those associated with clubs having aspirations to the lucrative European competitions will, of course, have hard things to say to any referees who dismiss from the field (and so from some competition) their temperamental stars. Let one official, middle-man or flag-man, err one iota from the strict path of rectitude, and that man is blamed for all the ills of the whole game. He may be quietly "passed over" when it comes to choosing officials for further trips into neutral territory, whatever his record or reputation. My friend, world-famous Holland referee, Leo Horn, had 132 internationals behind him and in Amsterdam in 1965 hoped he would be invited to the '66 series when I spoke to him. The merchant cloth-importer never lived down the sour second round game in the Inter-Cities Fairs' Cup between Leeds United and Valencia.

One can hardly expect a glowing tribute from Don Revie over the dismissal (for fighting) of Jack Charlton, nor indeed a vote of thanks on the Spanish side for the expulsion of inside-forward Lage and tough full-back Vidagany.

So the outspoken Burnley chairman, Bob Lord, said that he would like to see the institution of full-time referees doing a full-time job on and off the field—lecturing others and training promising men. The whole set-up has been given quite an airing on television. One ventures that any individual would need to be well remunerated to give up his career for a short term one, perhaps little longer than most players. Suppose the professional man lost favour? Could he be conveniently "passed over" or withdrawn?

Gravitate

Thinking in terms of the ease with which professional cricket players graduate (or possibly one should say gravitate) to the status of umpire in one winter session, there are some who believe the referees' ranks could be leavened with a modicum of men who had played the game professionally. On the principle of "Set a thief", etc., they say at least the mean niggling tricks would be eradicated by those versed in such wiles! There could be at least six men a year admitted to the upper strata of the League list. Let us first look at some facts—*as they are*. Firstly there are about 80 referees on the FA list, quite a few of whom have been admitted this year through retirement, at 47, of older men. At the same time there are around 400 linesmen, some of whom are used in the Football Leagues about twice a season. Some areas of sparse population, or meagre playing content, have no official on the referees' FA list. Thus no men in all Cumberland, Westmorland or Northumberland. Not one either in Cornwall, Dorset, Oxford, Sussex, Northampton or London area! So seemingly it depends where an official lives as to his likelihood of getting on the official Football League panel. Favourable places are the dense conurbations of Lancashire (9), Birmingham (8), Sheffield and Hallam (8) or Manchester (5). To get on the list needs years of success in the "feeder leagues" and now the continuous good marks given by club secretaries of the relevant leagues.

Altered

Unless the present system is to be radically altered, I cannot see the professional footballer turning from his first team winning pay of £50 to £100 weekly, to an uncertain ten guinea fee in the middle and five guineas on the line perhaps once a month. Nor would he be welcomed by other refs. who had served their "apprenticeship" if the ex-footballer jumped the gun and was given First Division games in his first season since taking up the whistle. In any case one would hope he would do better than the Anglo-Scot, who captained Scotland and confessed in his memoirs (written by himself), "I passed the referees' examination at my *third* attempt!"

The Army, being a law unto himself, in some respects, has been experimenting with two referees in some of its games and a certain Colonel Newton is to lay his observations before the FA. His thesis is that the "spare man" not immediately controlling play would be free to see the vicious digs some players give opponents behind the back of the official, who normally is concerned with the developing attack. This device is not new. It is normal play in the fast games of field and ice hockey. The Russians tried it between the wars, but didn't persevere with it. I'd like to see it come about in big games—and said so in WORLD SOCCER in October, 1964. Meanwhile, the game in the amateur status will go on, much as before. With difficulty we persuade some lad to take a flag and give "ball in, ball out". And we shall run farther and work harder for six shillings than your League ref. does for ten guineas! And you can quote me as saying that.

Please note . . .

IN last month's issue of WORLD SOCCER *it was stated in Arthur Rotmil's Searching The Soccer Scene that "Hasse Nilsson of Denmark was sent off in the match against GAIS." It should have read "of Djurgaarden."*

In the December issue Norman D. Reich stated that the Zambia v. Kenya international series was for the B.A.T. Cup. We are informed by Rothmans that they sponsor this tournament as the Rothmans International Trophy and have done since its inauguration in 1965.

WORLD SOCCER back numbers available—

1965: April, May, June, October, November, December.

1966: September, October, November, December.

1967: January, February.

Uwe Seeler. (M.)

Beckenbauer rumour rocks Deutschland

West German Newsletter by ARTHUR ROTMIL

"WORLD Cup star and 'Footballer of the Year', 21-year-old Franz Beckenbauer is to join the outlawed North American club Toronto Falcons." This sensational news, greeted with incredulity here, burst upon millions of German soccer fans at the end of February, from ... London. Although such "scoops" should be treated with reservations — personally I didn't believe the story — let's say that Beckenbauer is reported to have signed an *option* on a contract which could bring him £50,000 over five years, but first he must wait for his contract to expire with Bayern Munich who, incidentally, may not collect a penny in transfer fees. Another star expected to follow suit is Friedhelm Konietzka, 28 (1860 Munich), the League's second highest scorer last season, who — as I reported in the December issue of WORLD SOCCER — has been suspended for six months following incidents in the match v. Borussia Dortmund.

But the first Bundesliga player certain to depart for USA will be 28-year-old forward Manfred Rummel, whose club, FC Kaiserslautern, agreed to release him on March 31, when he can join another outlawed US club, Pittsburgh. Naturally, these departures are having an alarming effect on the soccer fraternity here, in particular the proposed exit of Beckenbauer is causing concern among those responsible for the national side.

Following the disappointing display against Luxembourg in mid-January, the fans awaited the next test v. Morocco at Karlsruhe on February 22 with an understandable mixture of apprehension and curiosity. But undaunted by all the criticism showered upon him from many quarters, manager Helmut Schön showed the courage of his convictions by naming virtually the same squad for duty, though injuries eventually ruled out the Hamburg stars Uwe Seeler and Bernd Dörfel, while goalkeeper Maier was given a chance to recover from a shoulder injury.

Five new men

Including the second-half substitutes, there were altogether five new caps. Fichtel and Heynckes have already played in the representative match v. Luxembourg and now took part in the first official international of the year. In goal was 24-year-old Horst Wolter from Brunswick, while up front Klaus Zaczyk, 21 (Karlsruhe SC) and Johannes Löhr, 24 (FC Cologne) made their débuts later in the match. In addition, 27-year-old Günter Herrmann was recalled to midfield after an absence of five years from the international scene. A crowd of 26,000 turned up at the Wild-park Stadion to see the German XI line up as follows: Wolter (Eintracht Brunswick); Patzke (1860 Munich), Schulz (Hamburger SV), Fichtel (Schalke), Höttges (Werder Bremen); Beckenbauer (Bayern Munich), Herrmann (Schalke); Ulsass (Eintracht Brunswick), Heynckes (Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach), Overath (FC Cologne), Held (Borussia Dortmund).

The Germans opened at a tremendous pace and the gallant but clearly out-classed Moroccans hardly had time to find their feet, when Ulsass cracked in two goals in the eight and ninth minutes, to underline the home team's mastery. But the contemptuous ease with which their forwards were able to tear the opposing defence to shreds led to over-elaboration and gradually the tempo slackened, with no further scoring before half-time. Then, Zaczyk took over from the injured Ulsass, while 12 minutes after the restart Löhr replaced the hobbling Overath. In the 52nd minute, Wolter left his goal-line too soon and a header from Bouassa sailed into the net for Morocco's only goal, delightedly received by the entire team. Isolated boos and whistles broke out in the stands but were silenced two minutes later when local boy Zaczyk celebrated his début by converting a centre from the brilliant Held to give Germany a 3-1 lead. In the 57th minute, another roar crashed from the terraces as Heynckes, with his back to goal, scored with an acrobatic overhead kick "*à la* Uwe Seeler", while 12 minutes later, Löhr drove in a powerful shot to make it 5-1.

"Pep" talk

A satisfactory performance, particularly from the newcomers in attack, though Schön admitted to giving his charges a "pep" talk at half-time to rouse them from temporary lethargy, obviously caused by weak opposition. With more concentration and accuracy, the score could easily have reached double figures.

On the domestic front, the Cup replays brought further defeats for Bundesliga clubs. Werder Bremen crashed by 1-2 at home to Borussia Neunkirchen while Kaiserslautern were eliminated 1-0, after extra time, by Kickers at Offenbach. Fortuna Düsseldorf made heavy weather of beating Schwarz-weiss Essen by 1-0 at home and Hamburger SV defeated FC Cologne by 2-0 (G. Dörfel, Seeler) before a crowd of 63,000 — ample evidence that the "Pokal" (Cup) has finally "arrived" in West Germany. Major credit for this new found popularity must go to Borussia Dortmund, whose triumph in the European Cup-Winners' Cup last season, fired the imagination of fans and players alike. The revised quarter-final draw is as follows: Kickers Offenbach v. Hamburger SV — Alemannia Aachen v. Borussia Neunkirchen — 1860 Munich v. Fortuna Düsseldorf — Schalke 04 v. Bayern Munich.

Bayern, of course, are the holders and are carrying the German flag in Europe, having reached the quarter-finals of the Cup-Winners' Cup, where they oppose Rapid of Vienna. Having lost the first leg narrowly, by 0-1, they must be favourites to clinch the tie in the return at home. Their stars are goalkeeper Maier and the ubiquitous Beckenbauer, not forgetting Gerhard Müller, currently the Bundesliga's leading goalscorer with 24 from 23 matches. What a tremendous incentive they have in trying to reach the Final of this year's competition for it will be held on May 31 at Nuremberg, a mere two-hour car ride from Munich!

In the championship, Eintracht Brunswick, taking advantage of the faltering challengers, have increased their lead to three points and must now be considered as the No. 1 favourites for the title.

European soccer for Cardiff City?

WELSH NEWS *by* PETER JACKSON

CARDIFF CITY, dominant in Welsh domestic soccer this season, confidently expect to be back in European inter-club football next term. Despite their struggles in the Football League, the Ninian Park club seems almost certain to complete a Welsh League and Cup double.

Cardiff's confidence of regaining the Welsh Cup—the trophy that gives its winner a pass into the European Cup-Winners' Cup —stems from their conclusive defeat of arch-rivals Swansea Town in a fifth round tie at the Vetch Field.

Swansea had beaten Cardiff at the same stage of the tournament last season in dramatic style. Cardiff, forced into a replay at Ninian Park because of two hotly-disputed Swansea goals in the first match, led 3-0 with less than 30 minutes to go when centre-half Don Murray was sent off.

Swansea pulled level at 3-3, forced extra time and clinched the match at 5-3. They went on to win the Cup but Cardiff settled the argument by winning 4-0 when Swansea began their title defence last month.

Cardiff, in fact, gave their Third Division opponents a soccer lesson. It was a painfully one-sided affair, Cardiff striking to score three goals within a devastating 14 minute first-half spell.

Scorers

Their goals came from Wales Under-23 winger Bernard Lewis, Scotsman Greg Farrell and Glasgow-born inside-forward George Johnston (2).

Cardiff have been drawn at home against Southern League club Hereford United in the sixth round. One coincidence of the quarter-final draw was that the four Football League clubs were kept apart and form suggests that all four should get through to the semi-final.

Newport County, easy 6-2 winners over Welsh League club Llanelli in the fifth round, meet Bangor City at Somerton Park, while Southern League Merthyr are scheduled to play Fourth Division Wrexham at Penydarren Park.

The final, a two-legged affair, is to be played in April and the Welsh FA refuses to accept goal-aggregate as a means of decision in the event of each team winning its home leg.

Instead it is decided on the usual points basis, two for a win, one for a draw. Cardiff won the Cup two years ago but only after being forced into a decider against Wrexham at Shrewsbury.

They beat the Northerners 5-1 in Cardiff, lost the return 0-1 and, because goal-aggregate doesn't count, had to engage in a play-off, which they won 3-0.

Compete

One of the anomalies of the Welsh Cup is that English clubs from the Border Counties area are allowed to compete. Hence Fourth Division Chester, beaten finalists last season, are still in the tournament and meet northern club Pwllheli.

Nobody, it seems, can stop Cardiff from winning the Welsh League for the first time for almost 40 years. They currently hold a six-points lead over nearest rivals Abergavenny Thursdays as the 30-match League programme goes into its second half.

They have lost only two of their 17 matches and have scored more than 50 goals—20 of them in two matches against bottom-of-the-table Ferndale. Cardiff swamped them 11-1 at Ninian Park and the same Cardiff youngsters grabbed all their chances to win the return at Ferndale 9-0.

The youngsters assembled by Cardiff manager Jimmy Scoular have twice reached double figures —against Ferndale and against Swansea Town at Ninian Park in October.

Ammanford Town, managed by Roy Saunders and until recently possessing the talents of ex-Northern Ireland and Newcastle wing-half Tommy Casey, are third behind Cardiff in this their first season in the Premier Division.

Little, it seems, can save Ferndale for Tredomen, promoted from the First Division last season, seem to have the determination to make good their escape from the bottom.

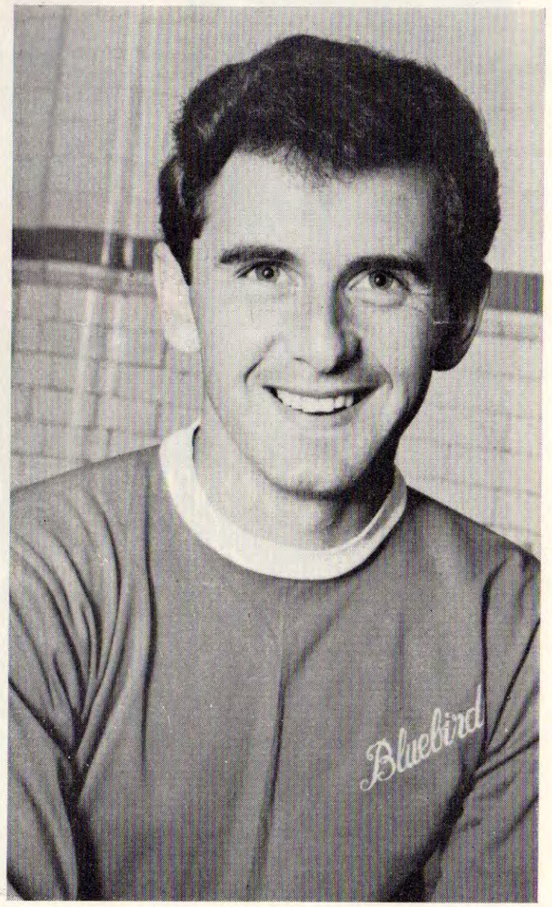
Neath Athletic are already halfway into the Premier Division as they lead the First Division promotion stakes by a comfortable margin.

A new soccer coach for Wales is to be appointed shortly. The Welsh FA has drawn up a long-term plan for soccer in the Principality — a plan launched after FA representatives had been in touch with the Sports Council at a special meeting in Cardiff.

Hot favourite for the post of coach supremo was Phil Woosnam, the farmer's boy from Caersws and ex Aston Villa and Wales inside-forward. His departure to the US has forced Wales to look again.

Selectors meet within the next two weeks to name their Under-23 side to meet Northern Ireland in Belfast on February 22.

And with so few players to choose from, they face an almost impossible job. For the Under-23s have already conceded 14 goals in losing heavily to England (8-0 at Wolverhampton in October) and to Scotland (6-0 at Wrexham in November).



Wales Under-23 winger Bernard Lewis was on target for Cardiff City during their Welsh Cup tie against Swansea Town. (W.I.)

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